

THE WAR CRY



AND OFFICIAL

GAZETTE OF THE

SALVATION ARMY

IN CANADA

AND

NEWFOUNDLAND

21st Year. No. 44.

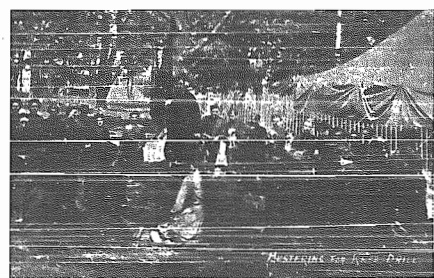
WILLIAM BOOTH,
General.

TORONTO, JULY 29, 1905.

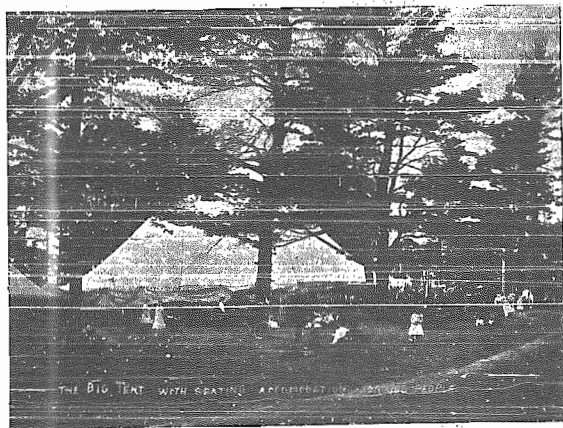
THOMAS B. COOMBS,
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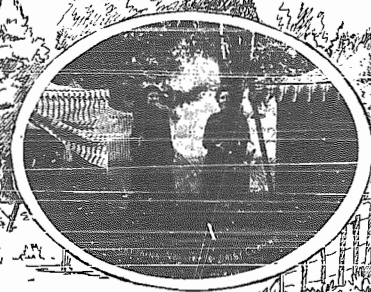
REMINISCENCES OF THE DUFFERIN GROVE CAMP MEETINGS.



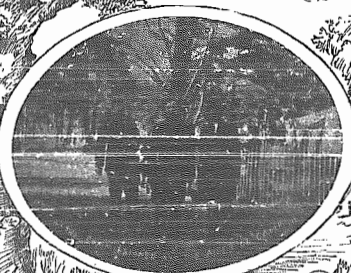
MEETING FOR A LITTLE WHILE



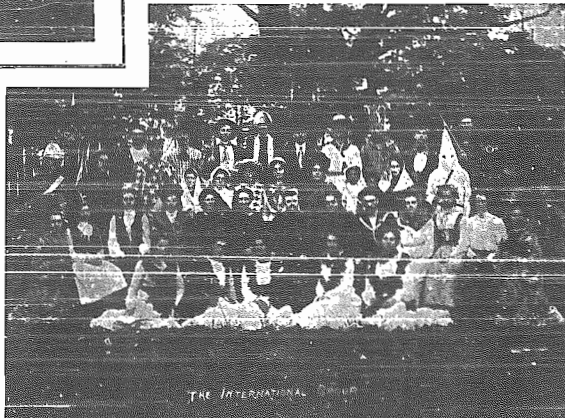
THE BIG TENT WITH SEATING ACCOMMODATION FOR MANY PEOPLE



THE CAMP FOR THE LITTLE LADS



THE CAMP FOR THE LITTLE LADS



THE INTERNATIONAL GROUP

"A LITTLE WAY."

A little way! I know it is not far
To that dear home where my beloved are,
And still my heart sits like a bird upon
The empty nest, and mourns its treasure gone.
Plumed for their flight,
And vanquished quite.
Ah, me! Where is the comfort, though I say
They have but journeyed on a little way?

A little way! At times they seem so near,
Their voices even murmur in my ear;
To all my duties loving patience lend,
And with sweet ministry my steps attend.
'Twas here we met and parted company.
Why should their gain be such a grief to me?

This sense of loss?
Dear Saviour, take the burden off, I pray,
And show me heaven is but a little way.

A little way! The sentence I repeat,
Hoping and longing to extract some sweet
To mingle with the bitter; from Thy hand
I take the cup I cannot understand,
And in my weakness give myself to Thee.
Although it seems so very far
To that dear home where my beloved are,
I know, I know,
It is not so.
Oh, grant my faith may hold fast when I say
That he is gone—gone but a little way.

—Anon.

Under a very sore bereavement the above lines have been a great comfort to me. I pass them on to dear Mrs. Perry, and others who are mourning the loss of their loved ones. Let us trust His gracious promise, "My grace is sufficient for thee."

"And once more we'll meet together
In that eternal home."

—M. F. Ellis.

A Musical Message.

By Mrs. Blanche Johnston.

"Touched by a loving hand,
Wakened by kindness,
Chords that were broken
Will vibrate once more."

A poor old man, wind blown and battered,
stood shivering at the street corner.

The suns and storms of many summers and
winters had passed over his head and clothes.
The bowed form was trembling in its feeble-
ness.

The pain-knotted hands shook with their
unsuccessful efforts to manage the little musical
instrument they clasped and endeavored
to play.

The sightless eyes were turned in the direction
of the hurrying footsteps of passing
pedestrians, and the withered ears were bent
to catch the sound of stray pennies which a
kind-hearted public might drop into the little
tin cup suspended from his neck; but the
coppers seemed very slow in falling.

The aged fingers could no longer play upon
the strings and the fragmentary notes which
quivered in the evening air had no power to
attract the crowds.

The poor, wrinkled face was sad and wor-
ried by the lack of attention to his cup.

Presently a stranger drew near, and with a
kindly voice and gentle touch took the
violin out of the old man's hand, and began
to play. New and wonderful strains floated
upon the summer breeze. Thrilling, stirring,
marvelous music, pulsating and throbbing in
strong, tender, deep, dense tones. Wave
after wave swelled forth, and the people
paused, stopped, were spellbound and delig-
ted. Money—coppers, silver, and even gold
pieces poured into the little tin receptacle.

The blind man was over-joyed with his
good fortune, but when he turned to thank
his benefactor he was gone.

The violin lay silent and the player had
slipped away through the crowd.

When the people found their voices, the
question arose, Who was the strange per-
former? Who could make a little broken
violin speak such thoughts, and arouse the
people to such enthusiasm? Surely there
was only one could do it.

Yes, the great Paganini had been in their
midst, and he it was who had made the won-
drous music and brought cheer to the poor,
troubled heart.

♦ ♦ ♦

There is a great One present with us. He
will take the broken, discordant lives and
set them to new music, the bright "new
song" which David sang.

The life-instruments may be shattered and
apparently almost useless, but in His hands
they will receive a fresh impetus and power.

The pictures of many who have felt this
touch seem to pass before me this lovely
summer day through the trees in my garden,
like a bioscope production.

There are hardened faces, which I first saw
in prison cell, softened and changed, shining
with the light of a quickened purpose and
resolve. Here are bleary eyes and bloated
lips, from which once the oath and curse were
the natural verbal expression of the inner
man, now clear-brained and robust "new
creatures."

Here are shattered, despairing, wretched,
and wrecked womanhood, first met in the
halls of shame or allies of the slum; now pure-
eyes, sweet, happy, and industrious through
the power which bids, and gives strength
to go and "sin no more."

Yes, there are a great multitude, old and
young, rich and poor, educated and illiterate,
dissipated, distressed, degenerated, covered
with sin and sorrow. But in each human
heart there are buried feelings which grace
(and grace alone) could restore.

They are keeping step in an onward march.
The music of the redeemed is in their hearts,
and as they press forward to their heavenly
home their lives keep time in harmony to the
Divine will, who has touched, and cleansed,
and saved them.

Who Will Answer for You?

An old blacksmith lay upon his old-fash-
ioned four-post bed in the quaint little cot-
tage which he had called "home" for seventy
odd years.

Life had reached its span, and his feet were
nearing the river of death.

He was what the world called a "poor,
ignorant fellow" being able to neither read
nor write, but his face was lit up with a hea-
venly smile, and it was evident that he had
no alarm, although he knew death was so
near.

A young man entered, and, standing by his
bedside, looked earnestly at him.

"Joe" said he, "dost thee feel afear'd to
face thy Maker? It must seem strange to
think thou'lt so soon stand before thy Judge."

"Aye, man," answered old Joe. "Tis a
solemn thought, but, thank God, I faced it
years ago. Thee knows I'm no scholar, but
I heard tell of God the Father's love, out of
His book. I knew when my time came I
should have nothing to say, as to why I
should dare hope to enter heaven. So one

moonlight night in the smithy, I knelt down,
and just asked the Lord Jesus to answer for
me. I told Him I knew He had died for
sinners like me, and I begged Him just to
do for me and let me hide meself behind Him,
so that God would see Him, and not poor,
sinful Joe."

"And is it that that makes thee so peaceful
now?" asked the young man.

"Tis because Him, as is the Prince of
Peace, is with me," answered the old black-
smith emphatically. "He's answered Satan
and defeated him many a time down here,
when he's been tempting me with doubts and
fears. I don't know how it will be up there,
but I'm sure He'll not leave, and being there
should be things to answer, I know He'll do
it for me."

And as the sun set old Joe went to be for
ever with the One who he knew would an-
swer for him.

Heard in Charlottetown.

All things are possible when we are pliable.
—Adj. Dowell.

Just 2,000 years after Abram was told to
plunge the knife into his son Isaac, the spear
of the Roman soldier was plunged into the
Saviour's side.—Adj. Byers.

Have we ever, in the silent watches of the
night, placed our hand over our heart and
felt its beating? If this were to stop, what
then?—W. S. Louson.

Mary was commended for anointing the
feet of Jesus, though the disciples murmured.
It must have been specially comforting to the
Saviour at this time, when all men were leav-
ing Him; when the crown of thorns was being
platted for His brow, and the spikes
forged which, five days later, were driven
through His hands and feet. He understood
Mary's act of love, and He will understand
ours.—Capt. Cowan.

By rejecting Jesus from youth upward, you
are slowly, but surely, building up a great,
strong barrier that some day you will not
be able to surmount.—Ensign Laws.

To keep warm is one of the soundest rules
of health. The analogy holds good in the
spiritual state.—Ensign J. K. Miller.

If you haven't got Jesus, you've got noth-
ing.—Ensign Piercy.

I would rather be where I am, smitten on
this sick bed, convicted of sin, and saved, than
as I was, drinking and cursing and abusing
my family.—Wal. Rice.

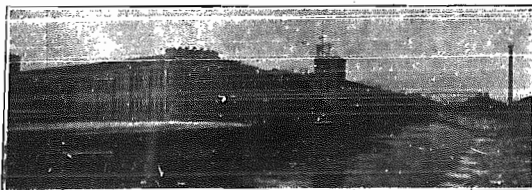
In a saved state, sin does not reign. In
a sanctified state, sin does not exist.—Brig-
adier Sharp.

Sometimes like still, small voice it comes to
me,

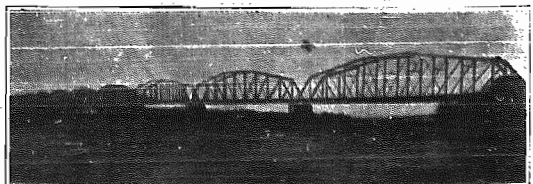
Bathing my soul in gentle showers of love;
As billows lap the beach from peaceful sea,
Soft wooing me to better things above.

Sometimes like waves of ocean, when the tide
Comes rolling in, and I expectant stand;
Till o'er my soul it sweeps, and, purified,
I rise and mount to heights of Beulah Land.

—H.



Sault Ste. Marie Pulp and Paper Mill,
Said to be the largest ground wood pulp mill in the world.



International Bridge, uniting the two Soos.

DRUNKEN BILL.

DID THE WAR CRY HELP?

"Wake up and pay for your bed." The words were accompanied by a slap upon the shoulder, which caused Bill to start from his drunken sleep.

Bill was a drunken tailor, and about six weeks before this story opens he had come to G—, a typical western mining camp in B. C., to fill the position of tailor with a business man of the camp.

At that time, and we do not know how long before, he had hardly known what it was to draw a sober breath; but help, especially in the tailoring line, was scarce and hard to get, therefore Mr. Jones (Bill's employer) had to make the best of a bad job and get as much work out of him as possible, be it much or little—it was mostly the latter.

Bill had been drinking from early morning, as he worked, but about the middle of the afternoon his head fell upon the sewing machine, and he was soon in an uneasy drunken slumber.

What a position—a young man, of good family, well educated, with his life yet before him, a slave to drink, degraded to this extent. It was from this drunken sleep that he was

tossed it upon Bill's sewing machine.

Turning to Mr. Jones he stated his business, and having got measured, left the shop.

In the meantime Bill, who had not had his sleep out, again sought his impromptu resting-place and was soon fast asleep, this time with the War Cry for a pillow.

When he awoke, somewhat later in the day, there was the War Cry before him. Whether he read anything in it that appealed to him or not, I know not, but after sitting quietly for a few moments he turned to his employer with the astonishing intelligence: "I'm going to join the Salvation Army."

Mr. Jones looked at him, thinking he was speaking in jest, but answered, "That's right—it's the best thing you can do. If you'll go to meeting to-night I'll take you." Bill gave assent.

Meeting time came. There were the officers. Good, godly lasses, how hard they worked; it seemed they could do no more, and that their labor was in vain. They sang and prayed. They told the old story of Christ and His love; but the people were only keen for gold, and conscience seemed buried beneath a load of this world's cares. They did not want salvation. Very few attended the meetings, and sometimes it seemed as though God had pronounced a curse upon the place, but to-night something was to gladden their hearts.

After Bill had eaten his supper, with a few more drinks, he yet had the desire to go to the Army meeting.

Mr. Jones had been watching him, and when meeting time came went to him, and taking him by the arm, said, "Come along, Bill, let us go to the Army." Bill agreed, and away they went to the barracks.

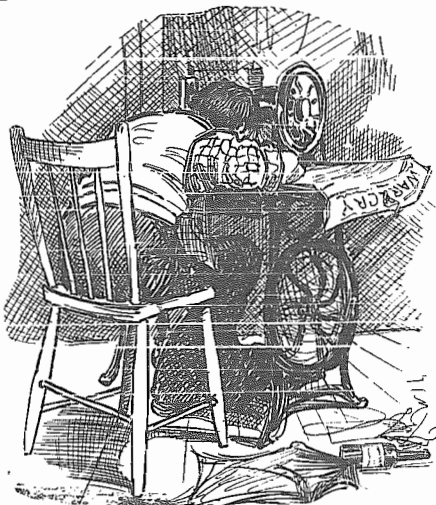
When they arrived at the barracks door, instead of accompanying Bill into the hall, he just opened the door, took Bill by the shoulder, and gave him a push, which landed him about half way up the aisle, and left him to the mercy of the Captain.

What happened when Bill found himself alone, or what was said or done, I cannot say. After meeting was out Bill went straight home, where he found Mr. Jones. They looked at one another for a moment, but Bill said nothing until bed time, when, turning to his employer, he informed him that he had "joined 'em," but, said he, "I want you to get me a bottle of whiskey."

This was rather a strange request from one who had so lately "joined." Nevertheless, as Mr. Jones had been in the habit of doing this before, to try to keep Bill at work, he asked no further questions, but secured the whiskey as requested. Bill filled a tumbler half-full of hot water, put in a good measure of whiskey, drank it, and went to bed.

Next morning Bill was at work on time, but what a poor, dilapidated wretch he looked. Eyes inflamed and bloodshot, a drawn, haggard look upon his face, very muscle quivering.

Mr. Jones watched him closely as he put things in shape and prepared for the day's work, little dreaming the surprise that was in store. After Bill had everything in ship-shape order he asked Mr. Jones for the re-



Fallen Asleep on a War Cry.

mainder of the whiskey purchased the evening before.

This was what Mr. Jones expected, and thinking Bill must have cast all his religious notions to the wind, handed him the bottle. But instead of taking a drink, as he expected, Bill walked across the room, opened the back door of the shop, cast the bottle and contents upon some rocks below, and returned and started his day's employment.

Oh, how he suffered; for three or four days the alcohol burned within his veins, his hand shook until he could hardly hold his needle; but a new life had opened before him, and with a trust in God he pressed forward.

This was almost three years ago. Bill's employer failed in business. Shortly after Bill's conversion the Army ceased its operations in G—, but Bill had found a new friend, he had got his feet planted upon the solid rock, and when his story was told me a few weeks ago, by an eye-witness, he was still walking uprightly in the narrow way, and the thought came to me,

"Did the War Cry Help?"

Le Roi.



Bill Has Done With Whiskey for Good.

so rudely awakened. Jack, a friend of Bill's, had come to the shop to leave his measurement for a suit of clothes, and with that familiarity which is characteristic of the west, especially in the mining camps, where every one knows every one else, after passing the time of day with Mr. Jones, he passed on into the back shop where Bill was supposed to be working.

Seeing Bill asleep at the sewing machine, and at a glance taking in the situation, he walked over to him, and with more force than politeness awoke him in the manner described.

With an oath upon his lips, Bill angrily told him to mind his own business. Stung by the sharp words, Jack answered him in the same tone, and a serious quarrel might have ensued had not Mr. Jones interfered.

A few moments before he had entered the shop Jack had bought a War Cry from the S. A. lassie officer who was stationed in the camp, and while he and Bill had been talking he took it out of his pocket and carelessly



Bill Lands at the Army Barracks.

THE SOOS.

The Key of the Great Lake Commerce and Shipping Industries—Greatest Locks in the World—A Fine District Developing and Two Twin Cities Growing Rapidly — The Army is There.

Sault Ste. Marie, as its name indicates, was founded by the hardy French voyagers and explorers, who descended the St. Lawrence, crossed lakes, and founded a post to command the lucrative fur trade coming down from Lake Superior. Once an important point in early wars, it now occupies a still more important position, for it commands the world's greatest waterway, which yearly is becoming of vaster extent. During the season of navigation 25,000 vessels pass up and down, carrying iron ore, wheat, and lumber as their chief freight. There may be seen the old, staunch wooden vessel, the modern steel-plated monarch, the queer-looking whale-back, and some magnificent passenger steamers.

Twenty million tons of iron ore alone are carried annually from the Lake Superior iron mines to the furnaces of Ohio and Pennsylvania.

To circumvent the rapids of the Ste. Marie River two fine canals have been built—one on the Canadian and one on the American side.

The Canadian canal is 6,000 feet long, with one lock, 900 by 60 feet, and 17 feet draught, and cost over two million dollars.

The American canal has two locks. The Poe Lock was completed in 1896, and is the largest in the world, being 800 feet long, by 100 feet wide, and 20 feet draught. It cost nearly four million dollars, and can accommodate four of the largest steamers at once. The old Weitzel Lock, finished in 1837, is 551 feet by 80 feet, and cost over \$2,000,000.

On the Canadian side the Lake Superior Power Co. have developed 20,000 horsepower, used by the Pulp and Paper Mill and other factories.

On the American side millions have been invested to develop 50,000 horsepower by a magnificent power canal. The capital of the power plant and industries on both sides re-

presents one hundred million dollars, and this is only the beginning.

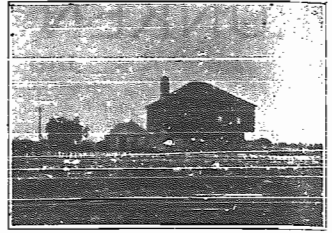
The population of the twin city is estimated to be 9,000 on the Ontario side, and 11,000 on the Michigan side.

The Army's Place.

The Salvation Army is essentially at home on the Ontario side. We have there a nice little barracks and quarters. The hall is really too small, and with little expense could be enlarged sufficiently to do for our Sunday night audiences.

Over five years ago the first shot was fired by the Army, and to-day we have a nice corps, an efficient brass band, and the good will of the people. Brother Stewart, with his cornet and at the piano, is a great help in the meetings. Sergt. Ireland, formerly of Peterboro, is one of the old stand-bys. Ex-Capt. Rose, with his hallelujah wife and family, are staunch members. The little fellow who plays a cornet in the band is quite a picasure to look upon.

Ensign and Mrs. Ritchie, late of Newfoundland, have just taken charge. They represent



Old Hudson Bay Post at the Canadian Soo.

school teachers efficiently enough to pass the Government standard of examinations.

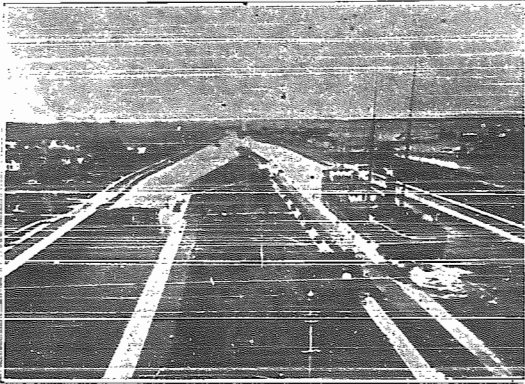
Mrs. Ritchie is also a composer of songs, and her most popular composition is, "Don't turn Him away."

Our comrades were married in St. John's, Nfld., on the occasion of the farewell of the Newfoundland Congress Party, in June, 1904.

The American Soo is in command of Adj. and Mrs. Parsons, who have things well in hand, and are well respected by the citizens. The corps is not very large numerically, but the influence of the S. A. is certainly far-reaching.

Adjutant Parsons is an old and well-tried veteran of the war, who well masters his opportunities.

Mrs. Parsons came out of Montreal, where she had been a soldier for many years and was much esteemed. She is an excellent singer, and by her playing and singing contributes much to the attraction and interest of the meetings, indoor and out.—B. F.



Bird's-Eye View of the Locks at Sault Ste. Marie.

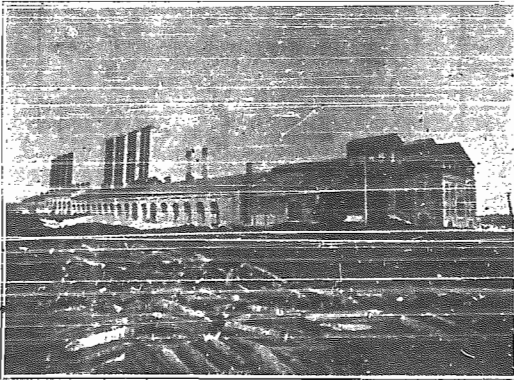
between them twenty-two years' service under the flag. The Ensign came out from Dartmouth, and has seen all his service in the Eastern Province and Newfoundland. He has pleasant recollections of the Grand Banks revival—a place of 1,900 population, where the attendance ran up to 3,300 per week in the S. A. barracks.

Mrs. Ritchie is a well-known officer in this Territory, and will probably be better remembered by her maiden name—Kate Welsh. She came out of Yarmouth, N.S., and all her appointments have been in the east. She spent three years and a-half in Bermuda, and a like period in Newfoundland, as Principal of the S. A. Teachers' Institute, instructing our day

French Chamber Passes Bill for Separation.

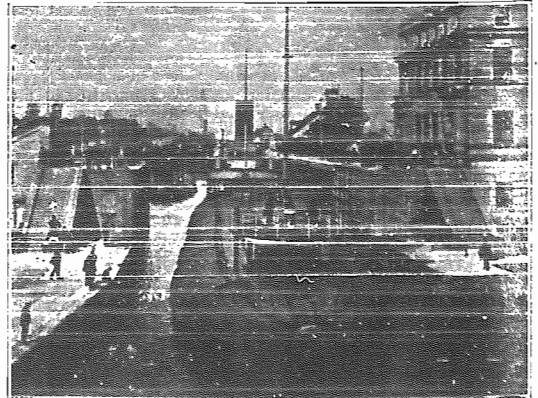
The bill for the separation of Church and State passed the Chamber of Deputies by the decisive vote of 341 to 233. The result was greeted with Governmental cheers and Opposition hisses, and there was intense excitement. The system swept away by this bill dates from 1801, when the famous Concordat was signed by Pius the Seventh and Napoleon. This gave religion Governmental status, the churches being Government property, with the clergy paid by the State, and the entire church administration being under the direction of a member of the President's Cabinet. The new system abolishes all laws and regulations under the Concordat, and terminates the authority of the Concordat itself.

The Semi-Centennial of the Sault Ste. Marie Canal will be held on August 3rd. It is fifty years since the first steamer passed through from the lower lakes into Lake Superior. The steamer Illinois was the first locked up, and immediately thereafter the side-wheel steamer Baltimore was locked down. Thus navigation between these great bodies of water became an established fact.



Bessemer Steel Plant and Rolling Mills, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

This building measures 1,506 feet by 350 feet. The capacity of the two Bessemer converters is not less than 1,000 tons of steel per day, 700 tons being used in making rails. Calculated to employ 4,000 men, and have an immense output.



Whalebacks Loading Down in Weitzel Lock.

An American lock built in 1881, costing \$2,000,000. It is 515 feet long, 80 feet wide, and has a draft of 17 feet.

Sidelights on Japanese Life.

An Interview with Ensign Pearson who has Fought for Seven Years in Japan, and is now on Furlough in Her Native Land, Australia.

"Did the country strike you as picturesque as we imagine it?"

"Yes, I think so. Of course I have become so accustomed to Japanese ways and scenes that I find it hard to dissociate myself from them, and it seems queer to be in Australia again. For instance, I am nervous to get on a train for fear it will start too quickly. In Japan they

Show Such Deference to a Seiyojin—a Westerner

—that the electric car men wait quite patiently till one is seated. About Japanese scenery? April is the month of the cherry blossom, and the cities turn out en masse to see the flowers and greet the spring. The blossom and tender spring green, and the gay dresses of the people—especially of the little children—make a charming picture—an almost unforgettable picture."

"Tell me something about the daily round of the fine little folk. Are they very cleanly?"

"Generally they are. Twice a year there is a 'spring cleaning' of every shop and dwelling-house, under police supervision. There are no yards to the houses, so everything is turned into the street, while the cleaning goes on."

"No yards! Where are the clothes dried?"

"There are very few to wash—no bed linen, no table linen—but the clothes-line, or rather bamboo rod, which answers the purpose, is stretched across an upstairs gallery. You will be amused to know that the Japanese dust their houses first and sweep them afterward. They explain that we foreigners sit on chairs, but they sit on the floors; so, of course, the floors must receive last and best attention."

"How do the Japanese take to the Army?"

"They like it well. There is little persecution, and from the Government officials down,

A Feeling of Confidence and Interest

is steadily gaining ground. We have to apply to the Home Secretary for permission to collect during the Self-Denial effort, and last year we received the answer in one day.

"The War Cry has a good sale, and does an excellent work. It finds its way all over Japan—being distributed by converts—and every issue is made to clearly explain the way of salvation by article and illustration. We frequently hear of conversions through the War Cry."

"You were in field work, then?"

"Yes, and had a very happy experience. Corps work is conducted on the same lines as here, but we do a great deal in teaching and explaining the way of salvation to the people, who come to the barracks for the purpose of conversing on the subject.

"You would be interested in the tiny houses of Japan. Often we would throw the barracks and quarters into one room to accommodate the people at the meetings. The partitions are all of bamboo, which can be quite easily removed."

"Where would you put your things out of the quarters?" asked Western I, who am not used to such speedy house moving.

"Our beds are rolled up and put in a cupboard in the wall; they are all the things we possess, except the pots and pans, which are kept in a tiny box of a kitchen."

We Live and Dress as the Japanese Do.

"The floor of the barracks is of earth, but the platform is raised, and covered with matting. When a penitent comes forward, he kicks off his shoes, and kneels on the front of the platform. Several of our barracks are now supplied with seats, and the people, particularly the men, like the innovation. Previously all sat on the floor."

"Do the Japanese make good Christians?"
"Yes; when truly converted it is wonderful to watch the operation of the Holy Spirit in their lives."

"In the first place, the Japanese are fatalists—they believe that what is to be will be, and they cannot help or hinder matters—so without the aid of the Holy Spirit they are unable to accept our message. Then they must exercise faith for the first time in spiritual matters. But once through, they begin to walk in newness of life. They are, by nature, not over-truthful, always saying the most expedient or pleasant things, as the occasion requires. After conversion,

The Change in This Particular is Most Marked.

"They became first-rate soldiers, and are willing to do anything to help on the war. They are great talkers, too, and when I was farewelling from my last corps I told my successor that if he wanted someone to testify, or lead a meeting, or give an address for two hours, or paint the barracks, or prepare transparencies, there were soldiers ready and delighted to carry out every request."

"After conversion, they are most earnest in trying to win other souls. We had three men kneeling on the platform, seeking salvation, on one occasion; two had got through, but the other was quite in the dark. At last one of the new converts said, 'He can't pray, because there is no god in.'"

"He meant that the other had never prayed except before an idol, and he did not know where, or to what, to direct his prayers. This remark set us on the right lines, and he began to pray to the invisible God."

"We get hold of all classes of people. In my last corps, amongst others there were a dentist, an eye-doctor's assistant, several carpenters, a tailor, and a kureema, or jinrickshaw man."

"Is there much drunkenness amongst the Japanese?"

"The Japanese certainly do drink a lot of locally manufactured wine, but I think it cannot be so intoxicating as the European beverages, for a drunken person is a rare sight."

"You had a good deal of opposition in the Rescue Work some time ago?"

"Yes; but an Act was introduced that helped us to continue the good work, and we do not experience any persecution now. Of course, there will always be opposition from certain quarters. Rescue Work in Japan and in Australia differ very much. We have very few girls resident in our Home. It is more a receiving house, into which girls who are tired of sin come until our officers send them to their families."

"What of the Prison Gate Work?"

"It is very successful. The men do not remain in the Home during the day, as they do here. The people of Japan do not put an everlasting brand upon an ex-prisoner, and will readily give him work through our officers. When I came away

The P. G. B. had Forty Inmates

—that means at night time. The men go to work during the day, and return to the Home in the evening. Many find salvation in the Home meetings."

"What of the Naval and Mercantile Home?"

"They do a most excellent work."

"At Yokohama we cater chiefly to the British and American man-o'-war's men. As soon as a boat is in, the men who know the Home rush up and secure their beds. Our officers give themselves up to make the men feel thoroughly happy and at home. At night we hold meetings, give lantern services, have plenty of singing, or play parlor games with them; so they are occupied and preserved from evil influences."

"The Naval and Military Leaguers are splendid fellows, and take the responsibility of their mates' souls very seriously. They call salvation 'Getting into the boat,' and are delighted when one they have prayed and worked for has yielded. There is great conviction of sin and feeling after God in the navy."

"Adj. and Mrs. Dodd are most happy in the work at Kobe. There they

Cater for the Comfort of Merchantmen."

"What effect will the war have upon Japan from a missionary standpoint?"

"Many Christians of Japan regard it as God's way for preparing the country to receive salvation."

"It has been rumored that if Japan is finally victorious, the Court will become Christian. Is that so?"

"I have not heard it, but the Empress has accepted a Bible from the Bible Society, so the throne has the key to righteousness in its hands."

"I suppose that is 'Salvation Army' on your brooch?"

"We don't say 'Salvation Army' in Japan, but 'Save the World Army.'"

International Notes.

The General is expected to arrive at Mar-seilles on July 29th, traveling overland to Folkestone, on the English south coast, and boarding his motor car immediately to commence a tour which will take him through the Midlands right up to Glasgow, returning by way of the east coast, and finishing up with a great meeting in Albert Hall on Saturday, Sept. 9th.

Major Jackson, who has been on a tour of inspection to the West Indies, called at the Headquarters last week. It did us all good to have him at the knee-drill, and to hear his encouraging words concerning the work of the Salvation Army in that Territory. All glory be to God! All round the world the Army chariot rolls!

Lieut.-Colonel Bengtzel has just concluded a great campaign in Sweden, and is able to report 1,036 men and women at the penitent form in his meetings. It is expected that the Colonel will again visit Sweden and Norway next year.

Two more corps have been opened in Finland. Open-air meetings are being sanctioned by the authorities in some parts of this interesting country.

Major Thykjaer, a Danish officer, has been appointed to the position of General Secretary in Denmark. He will fulfil some of the duties of a Chief Secretary, and for the present no Chief Secretary will be appointed there.

France.—Our Headquarters at Paris has long been situated at 3 Rue Auber. The lease, however, has now expired and we have had to vacate the premises. We are glad to report that some very attractive offices for the Headquarters have been obtained in the same locality, Rue Rujustin, a very prominent and important position.

News is to hand that Colonel Hammond has reached Bombay all well, and there are splendid prospects for a great work in that country. Colonel Roussel has had grand and glorious times there, and God has kept him in good health. He reports the Army marching forward.

Brigadier Van Rossum, of Java, had an attack of appendicitis, but is recovering. Commissioner Railton has arrived safe and well in Java, and is looking forward to some glorious meetings. God give him many souls.

The Japanese S.D. has reached 2,000 yen, 100 in advance of any previous effort.

A Japanese friend, in order to assist the local Self-Denial effort, and not having any ready cash, sent along his gold watch, valued at 40 yen (£4). The gift is the more striking when it is remembered that this represented about one-fourth of his possessions.

Speaking of the meeting at the Mansion House, at which Mrs. Booth spoke, a writer in the Daily News says, that a woman's voice should be heard in the councils of the new 'National League for Physical Education and Improvement,' was but fitting, and Mrs. Bramwell Booth's outspoken and impassioned plea for higher standards of marriage and motherhood at the Mansion House meeting was something to be remembered. [A full report of her remarkable address will appear in our next issue.—Ed.]

YOUNG PEOPLES PAGE

ZULU TRADITIONS.

Atheists sometimes advance the idea that heathen nations have no knowledge of anything beyond them—that they live and die like the beasts that perish.

The reverse is rather the case—the deeper the heathenism, the greater is the superstition, and amongst the native tribes of South Africa there are some wonderful legends, which sound like fantastic and far-off echoes from the eternal world.

Mr. R. C. Russell, a highly-esteemed Natalian resident in London, contrives to the Westminster Gazette the memory of a conversation with a Zulu chief, who explained to him their worship of "the unknown God."

"Drought held the land of kraals in its arid vice; parched fields and dust ankle-deep told the tale of a rainless year, and despair was in the heart of Umyeni, an aged headman of his tribe, full of wrinkles and infirmities.

"I had to come to collect his hut-tax, and talked with him in the fruitless mealie-field.

"Nkosi (master), we shall all perish as the flying ants," he cried, "unless the Chief of chiefs hearkens to our sacrifice; ten black oxen have we offered to Him in vain."

"Why black oxen?" I asked.

"That the sky may be overcast with black clouds bearing showers in their hearts," he replied. "Rain comes from Uthixo alone, who rules the sun and moon, Giver of white light after dusk that men may go and not be injured. He is also Lord of thunder and hail. If our cattle are smitten by lightning, we say, 'He has slaughtered for Himself among His own flocks'; if a tribesman is struck and dies, it is said that 'he must have stolen that the Great Great One's fire has fallen on him.'"

"Then Uthixo is your God?" I said.

"Our unknown God," he interposed. "We do not worship Him alone, but all men whose shadows have deserted their bodies ever since the mountain tops communion with the clouds."

"Why do you talk of shadows, Umyeni?" I asked.

"Nkosi," he answered, "no dead body evry casts a shadow, for the shadow is the spirit that hides with man till he flees from death and enters the Iyandzulu (green smoke), who come at dusk to eat up the flesh spread for them in the hut of sacrifices."

"But why should the shadow ever part from the body?" I enquired.

"It is the curse of the chameleon," he blessed, and his eyes glinted with anger and excitement. "The chameleon was the bearer of life to men, who tarried by the wayside to eat purple berries, and let the lizard, messenger of death, outstrip him in the race."

"And this happened long ago in the Land of the Shadows caused by the sinking sun, where the lizard—piece of deformity that it is—has no friends."

"Who set the lizard and chameleon to race?" I said.

"Unkulunkulu, the first man that broke us off from the lagoon-reeds on the edge of the Great Salt Lake. Strangely fashioned was he—white on one side, and on the other black. He gave us cattle and grain to eat; he looked on the sun when it was moulded, and said: 'There is a torch to give you light,' and of all things he said, 'So-and-so is the name of everything.'"

"Then you believe —"

"Hush, Nkosi," he whispered. "Iyandzulu (green snake) is lurking in the grass hard by. Our prayer for rain will be answered, for he has come to taste of the black steer's flesh."

"Then Umyeni pointed with his quivering hand to the white and grey masses of cloud rising behind

the peak of Tintwa—sure omens of a gathering storm. A faint rumble of thunder reached our ears. The very cracks of the ground seemed to cry out for joy.

"The chief in the sky is playing; he has communion with Iyandzulu!" he shouted gleefully, and as he sank on his tottering knees to give thanks the first big spots of rain pattered on the dusty leaves, and thunder crashed loud and long down the darkening valley of the Tugela."

Dim as this might be, it predisposes the Zulu to the acceptance of the Sun of Righteousness. All they need is that someone shall bring them the message.

EDISON AND HIS FATHER.

"The qualities of imagination and persistence to which Thomas A. Edison attributes his success as an inventor began to develop in him in early boyhood," says the World's Work. A story of his own telling is the best evidence of the truth of the assertion.

"I used to be a railway newsboy on the run from Huron to Cleveland," said Mr. Edison. "I got very much interested in electricity from hanging around telegraph offices, where my chum and I learned how to 'send' and 'take.' We had a lot of fun with it in the spare time we had when we were off the run, which was not enough, however, to suit me. I wanted to stay up late at nights making experiments with the batteries and instruments, but my father had the old-fashioned notion about 'early to bed and early to rise,' and insisted that I go to bed at nine o'clock. When I would come in evenings with a bunch of the day's newspapers that I had not sold, my father would start in to read them, and at nine o'clock I had to go to bed, while he sat up till eleven o'clock reading the news. I could not see any reason why I should go to bed before he did, but I couldn't convince him, so I saw that some strategy was necessary if I were to be allowed to stay up late."

"I had an idea how I could fix it, and my chum and I carried it out. He lived in the house nearest ours, a short hundred yards away, with an apple orchard between. We got a wire clothes line and strung it on the apple trees from my bed-room to his, and I made batteries out of some Mason fruit jars to supply the current. We connected the line up to the instruments, and the plot was ready."

The night after everything was in shape I didn't bring my papers home; my chum took them all to his house. When I got in my father wanted a paper. "Dick's got 'em all," I said. That took him back a bit; but I did not let on until about bedtime, and then I made a suggestion. "Dick and I have a telegraph line working between our rooms now. Maybe I could call him up and get the news by wire." Well, I did, and it worked all right. I called up Dick, and he sat at the other end of the line with a paper in front of him, sending the news, while I took it on slips of paper, handing them over to my father to read as fast as each item was finished. There I sat till after eleven o'clock, feeding my father the news in broken doses, and getting a good experience in telegraphy."

DURATION OF DIGESTION.

(From Russell's Strength and Diet.)

The times of digestion of different foods are about as follows on an average: Milk, rice, about an hour or less; whipped eggs, barley soup, salmon, trout, about one hour; peas and flesh, about two hours or more; zago, one and three-quarter hours; barley, boiled milk, raw eggs, cabbage with vinegar, soup with fat and bread, about two hours; raw milk (Richet), baked eggs, ox liver, two and a quarter

hours; lamb, beans, potatoes, cabbage, hash, two and a-half hours; boiled eggs, beef steak, white bread, ham, beef, fish, mutton, three hours; pork, poultry, veal, brown bread, four hours; salt pork, hard-boiled eggs, five hours.

REVIVAL WAVE AT LIVERPOOL.

Eight hundred conversions were reported in Liverpool in connection with the services held during Mr. Evan Roberts' fortnight visit. The results following the revival are very similar to those seen in Wales, and there was a lasting and far-reaching work accomplished among the non-church-goers.

MOST DEADLY OF ALL SNAKES.

Indian Cobra has a Record of Over Twenty Thousand Victims a Year.

The Indian cobra, or cobra di capello (Naja tripidans), is the most deadly of all snakes. It inhabits India and Ceylon, Burmah, the Andamans, Southern China, Indo-China, and the Malay peninsula and archipelago. In the Himalayas its range extends to an altitude of eight thousand feet. To the west it ranges to Afghanistan, Northeast Persia, and South Turkestan, as far as the east coast of the Caspian Sea.

Cobras are most active at night. They feed on small animals, birds' eggs, frogs, fish, or insects. They attack hen roosts and swallow the eggs whole. They drink a great deal of water, although they can live for weeks, or even months, in captivity, without touching food or water. Cobras can climb, and occasionally ascend trees in search of food. As a rule they are not aggressive, and, unless interfered with or irritated, they crawl along the ground with neck undilated, looking like some harmless snake; but the moment they are disturbed they assume a menacing attitude. The poison of a cobra, when thoroughly inoculated by a fresh and vigorous specimen, is quickly fatal. Paralysis of the nerve centres takes place and death follows rapidly, sometimes in a few minutes, especially when the fangs, having penetrated a vein, inoculate poison immediately into the venous circulation. The venom is harmless, however, if taken internally, nor is it fatal when brought in contact with a mucous surface, such as the interior of the stomach or the eye.

Indian tradition relates that Buddha provided the cobra with "spectacles" to enable it to ward off the attacks of its old enemy, the Bramminy kite. These "spectacles" seem to be restricted to the Indian species; certainly they do not occur on either of the African cobras.

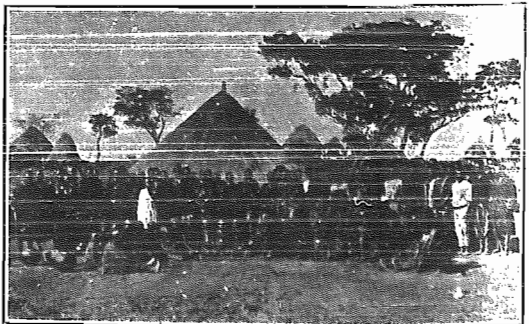
When searching for prey the cobra glides about easily and quietly, but once excited he raises his head and a large part of his body straight in the air, while the remainder is gathered beneath in a coil as a kind of support. His next warlike movement is to spread out his upper ribs laterally, extending six or more inches downward from the head, thus converting his neck into a "thin, flattened oval disk, four or five inches broad." This is the "hood," which is found in the Indian and, in a small degree, on the North African cobra, but is entirely wanting in the form found in South Africa. Above the hood protrudes the head, expectant, and held horizontally, facing the foe.

Probably the average annual number of the cobra's victims in India alone, which is placed at about twenty thousand, would be very much greater if it did not possess such a nervous temperament, which often leads the snake to strike at a moving object long before it is near enough to reach the object effectually, thus wasting a large amount of venom.

When a cobra strikes he blazes swiftly and immediately reassumes his erect position, and thus he continues to act as long as danger menaces, if a safe avenue of escape does not present itself. The turning from left to right, as above mentioned, constitutes the so-called "cobra dancing" which many have attributed to the influence of music, but which combined with the appearance of faintness and death which these snakes sometimes assume, is properly preferable to the natural tactics of defence and attack, while the "fainting" is simply a temporary weakened condition due to the extremely nervous and excitable disposition.



School Class on an African Native Location.



A Kraal on a Mashonaland Farm.

What Made the Difference?

AN INCIDENT OF A YANKER CAMP MEETING.

By Lieut.-Colonel Brengle,

(Concluded.)

God had set Moses to the tremendous task of ruling a mob of a million ignorant Israelites, just rescued from centuries of hard bondage, and leading them through a barren, mountainous wilderness, to the promised land, where they would meet armed hosts, strongly entrenched in fortified cities. The burden was too heavy for Moses, and he cried out to God: "If Thy presence go not with me, carry us not up hence. For wherein shall it be known here that I and Thy people have found favor in Thy sight? Is it not in that Thou goest with us?" And the Lord said unto Moses: "I will do this thing also that thou hast spoken, for thou hast found grace in My sight, and I know thee by name. My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest."

I don't wonder any longer at the mighty things Moses did. If God goes with a man and tells him what to do and how to do it, and gives him the wisdom and strength with which to do it, then there is nothing too hard for that man. God becomes servant of that man as much as that man is the servant of God. They are co-workers.

One Man Like that Can Chase a Thousand, and if he find a fellow, the two shall put ten thousand to flight. Bless God!!

But Jesus is holy and humble, and He can't walk with any but humble, holy men, so, my brother, if you want Him to go with you, you must humble yourself and be holy. Moses was the weakest of men, we read.

Then, too, if we want Jesus to go with us to the meeting, we must invite Him home with us after the meeting. He will not come to the meeting and walk back with us to our door, if when we get there we find it in our hearts to bid Him good-night, and close the door in His face, and go in and scold the wife and children, and talk about our neighbors, and forget what manner of spirit we are of. Our walk with Him must be constant, not fitful, else we will seek for Him some day and not find Him.

Oh, that we may always make sure that He is with us, and not to be in for granted, else we find we have been going on a fool's errand without Him! Poor Joseph and Mary lost five days, and had no one knows how much anxiety and heartache, all because they supposed Jesus was in the company, but did not make sure. But, bless God, after diligent search they found Him! Is He with you now, my brother? If He is not, then get your Bible and go off alone and seek Him, and if you wake up and seek Him with all your heart, He will be found of you.

The Alaskan Natives' Appeal.

What do we natives need in Alaska? We, the natives of Alaska, for many years have been looking for the "Great Day." The minister told us that sooner or later will come a great day. What is that great day? In our language "Ah-clain yak yee" means the judgment day.

We who have been taught Christianity are looking for a revival. What do we natives need in Alaska? We want to understand the ways of God and His statutes. Churches of all denominations have been established in Alaska for more than half a century, and natives are being brought up in each, bearing the name of their respective church.

The poor, blind Indians have been civilized and trained in the white man's way. They dressed like a white man, lived and ate like them, became citizens, go into saloons and get drunk like a white man. An Indian wo-

man married a white man and learned his bad ways.

So you see we are just as bad as the worst white man, although schools are established in all the native villages and children educated and apprenticed for various business transactions.

Again we say, What will the native be good for when he has learned all these things? He will grow more wild like a wild beast, and even become a murderer, as Cain.

Our chief aim is to be filled with God's Holy Spirit, so that it can be said of us, "He went about doing good." Our cry is, Send us a Spirit-filled worker for the Lord. We want to learn about Jesus, the great Shepherd, who Himself said, "I am the good Shepherd." Teach us the Bible and its truths, that we may be free, according to St. John viii. 32.

A native man or woman is just like a child of five, easily controlled in everything, and he will almost follow a blind man into the water. He can be a murderer in one hour and a prophet the next.

Our prayer is, Send us an officer full of the Scriptures, Holy Spirit, full of love, a man of God, like Jesus, when here in the body, who ate with sinners and was called a "friend of sinners." What is an officer good for without love?

If you want to save the poor Indian of Alaska, go to him in his house, talk to him about his salvation, embrace him as a dying brother, as Jesus did, and sympathize with him in his struggles, according to Romans xii. 15. Visit them in their sickness and trials, comfort them as Jesus says in St. Matthew x. 6 to 8. In helping the native in this way he will likely do most everything for the Lord, and you will soon find that the natives are the best workers in the Lord's vineyard.

We ask each soldier to pray that God may, in His own good time, pour out His Holy Spirit upon the Natives of Alaska, as at the Pentecost, and that each native soldier may be a good worker for the Lord. Amen.

Generous Giving.

I have before me cheques for the following amounts and purposes:

Auxiliary Bible Society	\$ 9,000
Elders of Zion Church	17,000
Missionary Society	1,000,000
India Missions	7,000
Doorkeeper at Provincial Exhibition	4,000
To endow a free bed for the insane in every prison in the world	1,000,000
Salvation Army	17,000
Evangeline Home	18,000

And several others.

These cheques are generous indeed, and would be of untold assistance and benefit to the different causes, and particularly to Evangeline Home, and the Salvation Army. But I have reason to fear they would not be cashed at the bank. For one thing, they are rather poorly written, almost illegible; nor are they drawn out in proper form; and, moreover, the party has no deposit. They were given me on the occasion of my last visit, by a lady who is temporarily detained at one of our public institutions—Falconwood Hospital for the Insane.

Nevertheless I had some reflections over the matter. Here was the natural impulse of a true heart, she longed to do nobly for good causes. Are we, who have our full faculties, and, perhaps, greater share of God's blessings, impelled and controlled by like worthy motives, and do we give generously, as we should? I am afraid a great many—the most of us—undervalue. We forget that giving does not impoverish, it enriches. To give treasures on earth can be laying them up in heaven. Reader, comrade, Army friend, could we not follow out more closely the spirit of Lev. xxvii. 30-33?—H.

The man who is his own worst enemy generally loves that enemy induly!

A Notable Volume.

There has just been issued from the Army press a most interesting volume of "Illustrated Interviews" of the Army's work at home and abroad, thrilling with human interest, and crammed with facts which speak loudly of the progress of the organization in the eighteen countries under review. There is scarcely one of its 150 pages that does not contain some striking confirmation of the Army's world-wide advance, and of the great spirit of faith and hopefulness with which Salvationists everywhere, whether in the East or in the West, in the North or in the South, regard the future of the movement, and its message and mission to the nations.

"That hopefulness," Mr. Bramwell Booth says in his introduction, "is a great force—a great asset. It carries our leaders forward in the presence of opportunity with a tremendous impetus; it is a fine reserve in hours of difficulty and defeat. Without it many of our great achievements would never be won, and many fine deeds would perish in the birth. But the 'fond possibilities' which are ever burning in the souls of our most devoted toilers are perhaps its most glorious outcome. No movement can rise above the level of its own ideals. To give such an organization as the Salvation Army, therefore, lofty ideals of service and devotion is a great work. It is the splendid scope of our officers—yes, and of the rank and file also—which is doing this—which is ever setting before the whole enterprise the highest ends of benevolent endeavor."

Worth Some Sacrifice.

Some idea of the character of the work accomplished by our missionaries may be gathered from the following extract. We have only space for one. The question is asked, "Is persecution common in India and Ceylon?"

"What else can it be in such a country? Some of our most hopeful converts have suddenly disappeared, never to be heard of again. This has happened many, many times. Sometimes drugs have been administered which have had such an effect upon the brain that the very expression of the face has been altered, and all former interest in the Gospel has vanished. In numberless cases our poor soldiers have been oppressed and bound down by caste land-owners even destroying their crops. 'Give up Muktiauf,' they have urged, 'and we will give everything back to you.' 'We will never give up Jesus Christ,' has been the quiet, firm reply; 'though we shall lose our heads as well as our crops, we will stick to Him! Are not such a people worth sacrifice and toil in order to bring them to the world's Saviour?'"

To such a question there can be only one answer.

INCIDENT CONCERNING KING EDWARD.

A delightful story is told about King Edward as he was out motoring.

While His Majesty was driving in the direction of Eger he overtook an old peasant woman, staggering along under the weight of a huge bundle of chopped wood.

Perceiving the difficulty with which she plodded along, the King had his car stopped, and asked her where she wanted to go. On being told, the King invited her to jump into his motor car. She, however, seemed to regard the car with suspicion, and said she had never been in such a thing in her life.

"Never mind," said the King; "now's your chance."

But still she objected, and said she was too dirty to sit among fine gentlemen. The King would have no refusal; and having overcome her scruples, she climbed into the car, and was whittled to her destination without the least idea who had befriended her. As the King set her down, he pressed a gold piece into her hand.

THE WAR CRY.

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Promotions—

Lieut. Jessie Setter to be Captain.
Lieut. Russell Carter to be Captain.
Lieut. Minnie Brown to be Captain.
Lieut. Frank Plummer to be Captain.
Lieut. Annie McAmmond to be Captain.
Lieut. Ella Jaynes to be Captain.
Lieut. James Townsend to be Captain.
Lieut. Hannah Wyld to be Captain.

Appointment—

LIEUT.-COLONEL PUGMIRE to the Prison Gate, Enquiry, and Special Efforts Department.

THOMAS B. COOMBS,
Commissioner.

Editorial.

The World's Need. More and more urgent becomes the crying need for workers.

Ripened fields, loaded spiritual orchards, a harvest of men and women whose immortal souls' redemption cost the life-blood of the Son of God, appeal loudly for consecrated labor.

Open doors, such as never existed before in world-history, have swung back wide, and invite soul-lovers to enter in.

Alaska sends her touching cry; Japan welcomes eagerly every new God-sent messenger; the vast Chinese Empire is waking up from centuries of lethargy, and presents unparalleled opportunity to give its hungry people the message of full salvation.

And Russia—oh, what an army of discontented, distressed, indebted souls herein await the standard of our victorious Heavenly David, who shall liberate, gladden, and receive them!

Who, Then, is Willing? These, and many more unnamed, call for toilers. It is not a rush for gold, or an influx of homestead seekers. It is not a question of dollars and cents, nor of ease, or fame, or grandeur. No, no; it outweighs all these in importance.

The Master has sounded the call. He wants volunteers. "Who then is willing to consecrate his service this day unto the Lord?"

Let not your summer of opportunity pass ere you respond to His cry.

◆ ◆ ◆

The Consecration Altar and the Penitent Form. Thank God, in Army ranks it is no new thing for us to rear an altar

of consecration for "living sacrifices." No more pleasing feature of the Commissioner's meetings here, there, and everywhere is the thoughtful, calm, deliberate response to his unfeigned invitation for men and women, married or single, who "love God enough and love souls enough" to offer themselves for officership, if the way opens.

This does not simply involve the consecration of an individual life, but far wider still,

MY CONVERSION.

BY THE COMMISSIONER.

I attended Sunday School from my earliest days, and later became a member of the church choir, yet I do not recall any powerful impression being made upon my mind by the Holy Spirit until I came in contact with the Salvation Army.

Although I grieve to say it, nevertheless it is true, I first went to the meetings from sheer curiosity, and even at times made fun.

But, as often happens, the spell upon my soul unconsciously intensified, until I found I could not stay away. I did not then understand the "constraining force, indeed not until after my conversion did I know it was none other than the power of God.

What regret I feel even now for the idle talk and useless arguments with which I met the pleadings of earnest souls who dealt with me.

Yet even these deepened the sense of conviction ultimately.

One night, quite unusually for me, I found myself seated quietly near the platform, away from my old companions and chums.

A soldier loaned me her song-book. (Even that detail had its own effect upon me, for I joined in the song.)

As I write how vividly the scene comes back. The familiar spot, the old barracks, the leader, his text. It was a starter.

"Escape for thy life, look not behind thee, neither stay thou in all the plain; escape to the mountain lest thou be consumed."

Conviction fastened itself upon my soul, sinking deeper and deeper until it seemed that the weight of my sins would crush me into a bottomless hell.

I was thoroughly sick of sin, and wholly dissatisfied and displeased with myself.

The prayer meeting began. It needed not great persuasion to induce me to remain, nor

reaching and winning to the cross hundreds of other converts, through whose means it is given to influence and save yet another outer circle of workmates, friends, and associates.

Like the single pebble cast into the shining lake, who can tell where will cease the ripples of widening influence?

◆ ◆ ◆
Some Gift for All to Bring. And for those whose way is hemmed in that they cannot respond, is there no part in this glorious act of consecration?

Decidedly there is.

Some can give half-time for local service, for this, too, is sorely needed. Nursing the sick and dying; house-to-house visitation (how little is done in some quarters!); beating up recruits and young converts; War Cry booming, etc., etc., etc., and failing the ability to do even this much, means are needed which those whose whole time is absorbed in gaining are in a position to give.

Not a mere pittance—a paltry coin that will not be missed—but give worthily, give nobly, give as God has given you, give till you feel it, and you will then have joy in your giving, inasmuch as the Christ Himself will approve.

◆ ◆ ◆
A Biographical Series of Incidents With this issue we are permitted to give to our readers the first of a series of intensely interesting readings from the Commissioner's life-story.

We congratulate the Canadian soldiery on their good fortune in this respect, and urge one and all to seek diligently to profit by the many varied lessons each incident suggests.

was it long ere I fell upon my knees seeking mercy. Hallowed spot has it been to me from that day to this. It was there the burden of my heart rolled away. I came in living touch with Jesus, my Saviour.

And in the stead of grief and sin-stricken sorrow came peace thrilling my soul, and strength, so that I was able to rise to my feet and utter my first testimony.

Two things I remember distinctly saying. One was: "Oh, that I had possessed this before!" and the other almost akin: "Oh, that everyone else had it, too!"

My heart danced with joy, and every shout of praise and hallelujah which rang through the old barracks found its echo in my soul.

When I reached home, still overflowing with new-born joy, I found courage to give my testimony to a congregation of one.

I can see her dear face now, and almost hear myself saying over again to her, with that buoyant spirit bubbling within me: "Mother, I'm converted."

I was not daunted, nor did my ardor abate by her answer, though it seemed mixed with doubt and fear, as she replied: "I hope so."

Next morning, with what light heart did I leave home for my daily toil.

God gave me courage also by the Holy Ghost to witness to the man who stood beside me.

"Charles, I gave my heart to God last night."

And that same evening I had the further joy of giving my first public testimony for Jesus Christ.

Though nigh thirty years have rolled away, that great transaction betwixt my soul and God stands out clearly and vividly as a real and permanent thing. I came to God, sought salvation, and He gave me the assurance of sins forgiven.



A strong band of reinforcements were commissioned by the Commissioner for the great Northwest on Monday, July 17th, where several new openings are planned.

In addition to five Probationary-Lieutenants, filled with all the ardor and enthusiasm resulting from five months' training in the S. A. college, the force includes the following well-known and worthy officers of ripe experience:

Adj. Scott, Ensign Randall, Ensign Crego, Ensign Howcroft, and Capt. Lang.

As the Commissioner aptly put it, this is "the first Salvation Army detachment to help in the new Provinces which are being made, and they are going in with both hands."

A full report of the commissioning, coupled with the farewell of Colonel and Mrs. Jacobs on relinquishing their command as Chief Secretaries, will be found in our next.

◆ ◆ ◆
Much questioning has been indulged in as to where Brigadier Nehemiah Glover and his worthy wife are bound, and what the nature of their first appointment in our beloved Territory. This we are now permitted to solve by stating that the important command of Newfoundland is to be their objective.

On what date Major and Mrs. Crighton (who have been nobly filling the gap pro tem) will farewell is still a matter of mystery.

In the meantime let the whole Territory pray earnestly that each comrade involved, as well as their future battlefields, may be especially baptized for unparalleled victories.

◆ ◆ ◆
Lieut.-Colonel Kyle is staying in California for a few days, on his way to Toronto. He will be present at the great camp meeting there on August 6th, and then speed on to Toronto.

THE GENERAL.

FINISH OF THE AUSTRALIAN CAMPAIGN.

A Glorious Climax—Long series of Triumphs—Tract of Land Donated—New Salvation Order—Enormous Crowds—Attested Farewell Gatherings

(By Cable.)

Perth, July 2nd.

The General's great Australian campaign is at an end!

The closing scenes were delightful.

The press is most eulogistic, endorsing the Army's latest emigration plans as they affect the Commonwealth.

Showers of telegrams have been received from the Governor-General, Governors, Premiers, and others, wishing the General God-speed.

Sorrow and joy gloriously mingled, testifying to the deep and far-reaching character of the campaign.

The events which have occurred since my last report served to bring things up to a fitting climax.

The General has been received by the Governor, the Cabinet, and six corporations. The Premier of West Australia, on behalf of the Government, has donated a tract of land for our Prison Gate Work.

The General's visit to the goldfields drew enormous crowds to the stations.

In honor of the visit, the General planted two trees in the main street of Kalgoorlie, which will remain as a memorial of his journey to the goldfields of the west.

A mass meeting was held in the huge station-like car-barn, all the managers of the mines being present.

The General spoke for the space of two hours, captivating his audience by his sincerity and eloquence.

The Perth meetings were overwhelming in numbers, influence, and blessing.

The Army's 40th anniversary was celebrated, the State Governor, Premier, and Chief Justice being present.

The General declared his intention of immediately forming an Order of Poverty for special work amongst the poorest classes.

As to the meetings generally, they were, as indicated, of a high standard, and attended by enormous crowds.

A Jew came 350 miles to be delivered from the drink curse; an Envoy 650 miles, and at least four hundred people from 100 to 300 miles.

The Premier, Cabinet Ministers, and the Mayor remained an hour in the prayer meeting, and witnessed a man leap over the rail and rush to the mercy seat.

The General was in capital fighting trim. He has gained eight pounds in weight since the campaign opened, his recipe being a simple diet, constant industry, reasonable care and sleep, and strong faith in God.

Commissioner McKie and his Staff are jubilant over the results, and are already bending their backs to conserve them and to launch their Self-Denial effort. They send loyal greetings to the Chief of the Staff and International Salvation Britishers. Nicol.

HOLLAND.

Congress Conducted by Commissioner Booth-Tucker—66 Surrenders.

Early in July Holland's yearly Congress opened with their ever-popular Field Day Demonstrations. For this day's engagements Commissioner Estill was fortunate in securing the spacious grounds of Baron van Tuyt van Scrovscherken, at Velsen, about three hours' train-ride from Amsterdam. Here, from nine in the morning to seven in the

evening, three thousand devoted themselves to the work of the day—Salvationists and friends—with the thoroughness so characteristic of the Dutch people.

The Baron and Baroness, and a number of leading friends who were with them, attended some of the meetings.

There were forty-three seekers at the penitential form during the day, and twenty-three at a salvation meeting the next day.

A special message was despatched to the General, who has often conducted the Congress previously.

The Field Day, which was also the occasion of the farewell of Colonel and Mrs. Fornachon, was followed by two days' officers' meetings, and one council with Staff Officers.

Commissioner Booth-Tucker, who conducted the Congress, was assisted throughout by Commissioner and Mrs. Estill and Lieut.-Colonel Mapp.

The Commissioner Visits the London Camp.

The Commissioner's wonderful Easter meetings were still fresh in the minds of the London soldiery and friends, consequently when it was made known that he would again visit West Ontario's centre faith was high for a good time.

A beautiful tent well lighted with electricity has been erected in the grounds called "Park Flats," by the side of the River Thames, and close to London Bridge.

The camp has been in operation for twelve days. Last Sunday's services were conducted by the Chief Secretary and Mrs. Jacobs, the echoes of which were to be heard.

The tent was inadequate to accommodate the crowd who came to see and hear our leader; the sides were lifted and seats put around. We opened with the singing of the grand old song—

"Jesus, the name high over all,"

after which the meeting was thrown open for prayer, the Commissioner stating he would rather hear a man pray ten times short than once long. A number of petitions were breathed out heavenward, and God heard and answered.

To whet the appetites of the "Londoners" they were informed of the great success of the camp meetings just concluded in Toronto, when a gross of souls came to God, and at which just about ten thousand people were in attendance.

The Commissioner based his magnetic and earnest address upon the words, "Behold, He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep. The Lord is thy keeper." His words were most helpful and encouraging, at the same time sin was denounced. The arrows of God went into many hearts. One of the first to come to the mercy seat was a great big fellow for pardon. His sins troubled him. Thank God—

"There is balm in Gilead
To make the wounded whole,
And power in Jesus
To cure the sin-sick soul."

Eight others yielded also, some having a great struggle, but after much prayer they "got there," and trusted in their Lord. Hallelujah! We feel sure this visit will help future meetings of the camp.

We were pleased to notice a good improvement in the band. Their playing was of the first order, and then they show signs of desire for souls to be saved. What a help a well-saved band can be to a corps and community.

The Commissioner was well looked after by Brigadier and Mrs. Hargrave, and they succeeded splendidly in making him comfortable, while your humble dust was sheltered 'neath the hospitable roof of the officers in charge, Adj. and Mrs. Kendall.—Yours, hunting for souls, J. S. Pugmire.

COLONEL JACOBS' GOOD-BYE TO THE TEMPLE CORPS.

The Sunday night, at the Temple, was announced as the Chief Secretary's farewell. Brigadier and Mrs. Taylor were there, also a number of the leading Headquarters and Field Staff. After the opening exercises of prayer and song, Mrs. Jacobs spoke words of earnest appeal and godly counsel to the large audience which had gathered. The band was to the front and played to the honor and glory of God. Colonel Pugmire, whose singing invariably brings down a blessing, sang very beautifully a song about the cross upon which was purchased our pardon. A song from the Temple Songsters was another special feature, and then the Colonel, with all the earnestness of a heart sealed by God for the interests of dying souls, read from God's Word. His address was productive of much holy influence. The Spirit of God was in evidence, and after a red-hot prayer meeting the soldiers of Jesus rejoiced over six souls who surrendered to the King of Kings. Praise God for all the victories of the Colonel's term with us as Chief Secretary. We pray that much success will attend him in his new appointment.

THE CHIEF SECRETARY'S LAST MEETING AT LIPPINCOTT.

On the 16th Colonel and Mrs. Jacobs said farewell to the officers and soldiers of Lippincott St. corps. Brother Tucker thought it only right and fitting that before the Colonel left us he should dedicate his little child to God and the Army. The dedication service was brief and solemn. Several speakers then bore witness to the devoted service and godly example of the Colonel during his Chief Secretaryship in Canada and wished him God-speed and success in his new duties.

Colonel Jacobs then gave a pointed address. Taking the Epistle of Paul to the Galatians as a ground work, he showed us from many points of view what it meant to be crucified with Christ, and a holy influence was felt amongst all present as the truths of God's Word burned themselves into the hearts of the people. We unite in praying that God will use him and more than ever make him a blessing.—S. A. C.

COLONEL JACOBS' FAREWELL AT WINNIPEG.

Brigadier Howell, who accompanied the Colonel at his last Sunday's campaign in Winnipeg, reports:

"We were greeted by splendid crowds, fully one hundred and fifty people being on the march.

"The band, equipped for the first time with their splendid set of new instruments (supplied by the Trade Department) turned out in force.

"The Colonel's addresses were most forcible, and twenty seekers for the day.

"Final leave of the officers was taken over a farewell cup of tea, followed by a blessed inspiring council.

"Winnipeg braves wish the Colonel and Mrs. Jacobs a hearty God-speed. They will always be sure of a welcome here, when duty leads this way."

PUT FORTH YOUR POWER—NOW!

You are so to put forth the power that God has given you; you are so to give, and sacrifice to give, as to earn the eulogium pronounced on the woman, "She hath done what she could." Do it now. It is not a safe thing to leave a generous feeling to the cooling influences of a cold world. If you intend to do a mean thing, wait till to-morrow; if you are to do a noble thing, do it now—now! and like the blacksmith who, at one long stride swings the glowing bar to the anvil and rings his hammer on it, "strikes while the iron is hot,"—Dr. Guthrie,

FIELD BULLETINS

Across the Continent.

With the Editor from Toronto to Vancouver—A Successful Summer Tour—Off to the Far North.

Tuesday evening the train bore me swiftly away from Toronto, and Wednesday morning I made my appearance at the Sturgeon Falls officers quarters. Ensign Howcroft and her Lieutenants were delighted to have some Special visiting the place.

Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., was visited on Wednesday. Adj. Parsons had the meeting well announced, and a very appreciative audience gathered at the spacious barracks. Capt. Parker, who operates the machine, met me here, and the moving pictures were keenly enjoyed.

The Canadian Soo is a proper Army town. A nice little band helped in the meetings in both Soos, and constitutes quite an attraction. Barracks crowded out on Thursday night. Ensign and Mrs. Ritchie want to enlarge the building. We left with the assurance of having had a profitable meeting here.

Saturday and Sunday were spent at Sudbury. The town is rather deserted at present and not much work going on. All our soldiers, but one, are out of town, and on that account open-air work is somewhat difficult. Rain added to the difficulties Sunday night. Audiences were slim, but we had some blessed gatherings in spite of it.

A long stretch of journey, skirting the northern shore of Lake Superior, brought us to Port Arthur, where Capt. Forsberg met us. The people turned out well in spite of the heat and moonlight excursion. The Town Hall was nicely seated, and the pictures well enjoyed by all.

Wednesday night we went by street cars to the neighboring town of Port William. There the beautiful Methodist Church was placed at our disposal, and a goodly audience gathered for the service. Ensign McLean and Lieut. Pearce had done much to push the meeting, and the soldiers turned out well here.

Port Portage, or, as it is now called, Kenora, was not on our list of appointments, but as the new timetable allowed a sufficient time between the two trains to do a meeting, hasty announcements were made, and the splendid pluck and plod of Capt. Irwin and her herculean assistant, Lieut. Griffith, made it possible to have a very successful meeting.

Four in the morning was the time when we parted from the cozy quarters at Kenora and started for the train that bore us to the western metropolis. We arrived at Winnipeg next morning, and were made at home by the genial Chancellor and his loyal wife. Adj. Alward had pushed the advertisements well. In spite of the heat and fine night an appreciative audience collected and enjoyed the service.

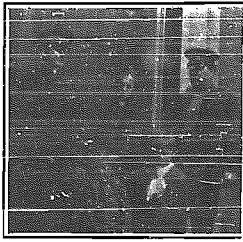
There is no rest on this tour. Early next morning we rushed to the train, which we found about two hours late. We met Adj. Byers while passing through Brandon, and also Ensign Southall at Medicine Hat.

Thanks to the slowness of the train, we lost many hours, but we arrived at Calgary four hours late, but still in time to conduct the Sunday evening meeting. We had a nice crowd present. The Spirit of God came upon us and blessed us. A splendid, mellow feeling pervaded, and seven precious souls sought the Saviour. Hallelujah! The soldiers were cheered and we had a happy hallelujah wind-up. On Monday night we exhibited the moving pictures to a crowded house, and several requests for a repetition came to us. Staff-Captain and Mrs. Ayre were cheered and are hustling things.

Vancouver—a leap of 700 miles—was reached on Wednesday, several hours still behind time. Adj. Hayes and Lieut. Knudson are doing well here. The City Hall had a splendid outfit ready for us, and a more appreciative crowd would be hard to find. It was a splendid finish of the transcontinental tour.

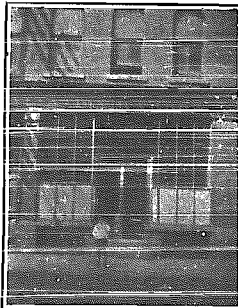
The people everywhere were well pleased with the pictures, and will turn out in goodly crowds when they are coming their way again.

On Saturday we set sail for Alaska and the Yukon. Of that trip, more anon.—B. F.



HALIFAX SHELTER.

Sunday, 9th, was indeed a blessed time to those who attended the meeting at the Shelter, when we had Adj. Wiggins, our D. O., Ensign Fleming, of the Trade Department, also Ensign Parsons, Capt. Ensignthwaite, Lieut. Stairs, of No. IV, corps, together with No. I. brass band, which rendered some fine music. Some fine solos and duets, both vocal and instrumental, tended to make the meeting interesting and profitable to our souls. We had sixty-three in attendance, fourteen being strangers. At the close one dear man asked for our prayers, and though no one yielded to the Spirit of God, yet we believe some good seed was sown. I would ask the prayers of every Salvation Army officer and soldiers



S. A. Harbor, Halifax.

on behalf of Mrs. Ensign Parsons, who is in a very critical state of health at present. Good meetings at No. I. for the day, with one soul. To our God belongs the glory.—Yours in the fight, Sergt. J. M. P.

ST. JOHN, N.B., DISTRICT NOTES.

No. I. Corps.—Ensign and Mrs. Percy, from Charlottetown, P.E.I., have arrived to fill the place of Adj. and Mrs. Cooper, who have just faredwell. The Ensign is not a stranger to the city, and old friends will welcome him back, and the comrades of No. I. have given him a hearty welcome. We predict a profitable stay for the Ensign and his wife. Three souls for the week-end.

No. II.—Capt. Erace and Lieut. Jones have taken hold here in good shape. At the close of the Sunday's battle one soul surrendered.

No. III.—In the absence of Capt. Munro, who is at home for a few days, Mrs. Major Phillips and Mrs. Adj. Thompson are putting in good times. At the Saturday evening open-air meeting one man professed salvation at the drumhead. At the inside meeting on Sunday evening another came to God.

Carlton also has changed officers. Ensigns Bewie Green and Lieut. Jaynes are the latest appointments here, and B. B. thinks a good choice has been made. With plenty of faithful work Carlton will surely make good progress. Major Phillips, the Chancellor, assisted by Adj. Thompson, led the Sunday night meeting here.

Fairville is not behind in having a certain amount of victory. Lieuts. Galway and Taylor, the new leaders, are going in to push the claims of God for the sinner in this part of the city.

No. V.—Last, but by no means least, comes No. V., where Ensign Joseph Green and Lieut. Fails have just taken command. The Ensign has just left that fiery little corp of Dominion, C.B., and no doubt will do a good work at this corps. One soul for the week-end.

Altogether the Salvation Army in St. John is doing a good work. Here is a sample of the good feeling among the friends of the Army. A gentleman stopped Adj. Thompson on the street a short time back and gave him \$20. Another gentleman, with his partner, told the Adjutant whenever he was in need to let them know, adding, "We can help you out in your work," and with fresh leaders in each corps we shall look forward to a blessed revival of God's work.—Burning Bush

Adj. and Mrs. Wiggins and Family, with Capt. Basingthwaite, of Halifax I.

CAMPBELLFORD, Ont. It has been quite a Shipwreck and Ice Cream, while since the readers of the War Cry have heard from this beautiful town, so I must try and write a line so you will know we are still alive. Ensign and myself arrived here a little over three weeks ago. We love the place and people. They are kindness itself. God bless them. We have, had a visit from our worthy P. O., Brigadier Turner, and his subject, "Shipwrecks," was well handled, and we believe took good effect on the hearts of sinners. After the meeting ice cream and cake were served. Everybody enjoyed the Brigadier's visit, and all join in saying, "Come again." Through God we shall do valiantly. More anon.—Annie Bradbury, Ensign.

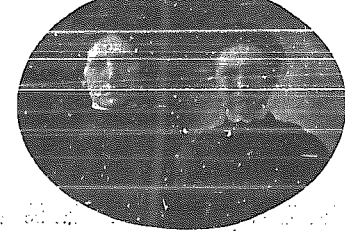
CANNING, N.S. For two nights we have Musical Troupe Leading. had with us the famous Musical Troupe. Everyone was loud in its praises. The past week a brother volunteered bravely for the mercy seat. Mrs. Colonel Sharp was with the party.—C. Reeves.

CHARLOTTETOWN. Impressive services all day Welcomes New C. O., to-day—at the square, in the park, and in the barracks—with our new officers in charge, Ensign Andrews and Capt. Holden. We welcome them. Mrs. Smith, a comrade from Boston, gave a forcible appeal in tonight's meeting.—H.

DESERONTO. God has been pouring out D. O. Uses Hot Shot. His Spirit among us. We have just had a visit from the D. O., who, while here, used Gospel shot far and wide, resulting in the capture of two, who left the enemy's ranks and surrendered themselves to the will of God.—A Correspondent.

DIGBY, N.S. Still having victory, since last report fifteen precious souls have sought and found Jesus. Barracks packed out. Although at present it is very warm, we are having splendid crowds. On Sunday last we had Bro. Webb, from Bear River, with us. Many turned out to hear him speak and sing, and were convicted, but none would break loose from the devil's ranks. On Thursday we had with us Capt. Cavender, Lieut. Jones and Lieut. Clark. There was a concert on that night, and we were afraid it might influence the crowd. Still we did not give up, but at seven o'clock started on the march and announced our meeting, and had another open-air after they had gone. The barracks was full and finances more than doubled. Glory to God. We are having the musical troupe with us on Thursday and Friday, in charge of Colonel Sharp. We are looking forward to a great time. Capt. Woodhouse and Lieut. Robinson are pushing it for all they are worth. Without a doubt, they are workers.—One who was there.

FEVERSHAM. For the past two or three Soldiers Hold the Fort. weeks this corps has been without officers. Capt. Richardson and Lieut. Eysman, who have been with us for a year or more, have said good-bye and gone to other fields of salvation war. Since their departure the soldiers have endeavored to hold on and point men and women to the Saviour from sin. Praise God. He always stands by His people. Last Sunday afternoon, at Lady Bank, one precious soul surrendered, claiming deliverance from sin, and showing a strong determination to fight for God anywhere. To God be all the glory. War Crys are all sold every week. The people around Feversham know a good paper when they see it. Many have said they have been blessed in reading its pages. God bless the dear old Cry. Last night we had a splendid meeting in Feversham, also open-air. God came very near and blessed our souls. Every comrade is looking anxiously for the speedy arrival of officers to carry on the grand good work of seeking the lost.—A Soldier.



Ensign Howcroft and Lieut. Barrett, Gravenhurst.



Adj. and Mrs. Parsons, with Sergt. K. McNeeney and Baby Harold Parsons.

HARRY'S HARBOR, Nfld.
Four Captures.

God is blessing His work here. Sunday was a good day to saint and sinners, when four souls came forward for salvation God heard and answered their cry. We give God all the glory and march on.—Capt. H. Wiltshire.

HAMILTON, Ber.
Fifty Souls.

Praise God, the revival fire is still burning here. Since the Commissioner's campaign we have seen about fifty souls kneel at the penitent form. In the holiness meeting conducted by the Commissioner on the 11th of June, fourteen dear comrades consecrated themselves to God for service, and we believe that the victories that are now having is the outcome of that consecration. Only eternity will reveal the good that was done during the Commissioner's short stay in Bermuda. The people have indeed been aroused and made to realize their duty towards God. The comrades seem greatly enthused and are in to do their very best for the salvation of the people. We hardly hold a meeting now but what we see someone kneeling at the mercy seat. We are indeed having wonderful things. Our numbers are so rapidly increasing that our platform is getting too small. Just recently we have had to say good-bye to one of our faithful comrades, Sister Duncan, who was called home to the Land of the Maple Leaf on account of sickness in the family. Sister Duncan spent about ten months on the islands, and was a great help to this corps. We miss her very much. She has our prayers and best wishes that God will bless her and make her instrumental in winning many souls. While we are rejoicing over many that have already made their peace with God, we do not lose sight of the fact that there are still scores of people outside the fold of Christ, and we must do our best to try and point them to God.—Yours to fight till death, R. O.

HARBOR GRACE, Nfld.
The Last Soul in the Old Hall.

At present we labor under difficult circumstances, having to pull down our old hall in order to build a new one. Last Sunday was our last chance of holding meetings there. We did our best to make it a good day, and were not disappointed. God gave us the victory, and at the close one soul returned to God and found pardon for his sins. We are praying that God will help us to revive spiritual life in the hearts of men and women.—L. W. C.

HERRING NECK, Nfld.

Meetings and parings are sure of. After thirteen months' faithful service to God and the Army, we bade Lieut. M. Baggis good-bye. It is with many regrets and heartaches. During her stay we had many times to discuss both the saved and unsaved. Our prayers will follow her in her new field of love and labors for the Master. We have welcomed Capt. Metcalf as Lieut. Keeping. May God's blessing be upon them.—J. S.-M. Squires.

KEMPTVILLE.

It is four times since we have cleared the debt. In a report from Kemptville, but we are still alive. Lieut. Fulford is in charge. God has helped us clear off \$19 from our debt. We are going in for greater victories and believing for precious souls.—Yours in the fight, Cand. Wales.

LEATHERIDGE.

Since you heard from us last, God has been good to us. Things, no doubt, have been pretty hard, but through the hardness God has saved precious souls. After Sunday's battle, and all shots were fired, we captured one from the enemy's ranks for Jesus. He tried many times to free himself from the infernal demon drink, but all in vain. He came to Jesus and claimed deliverance from his sin. He expects to get to work on Tuesday to earn a few dollars to take home to his wife and little babe. Mrs. Taylor is able to be at the battle's front again doing her best for the Kingdom. Believing for better times in the future.

"Not to the strong is the battle,
Nor to the swift is the race;
But the true and the faithful,
Jesus promised through grace."
—Lieut. J. W. Fletcher.

LITTLE WARD'S ISLAND.

God is showing His power here by saving souls. Sunday was a day of blessing to every heart. Both at holiness meetings and in the afternoon we felt much of the power of God. A night of prayer was held, and many hearts were moved by the Spirit of God and we had the joy of seeing two souls at the mercy seat, one who for a year had been a wanderer from God. In the strength of God we are in to win souls to the cross.—Lieut. Job Wells.

LITTLE BAY ISLAND.

Since you last heard from this part of the battlefield we have had a good time on Saturday, June 24th, we welcomed our officer, Lieut. E. Omond, from the Training Garrison. We have already learnt to love her; she has a word of cheer for everybody. We had good times all day on Sunday, from knee-drill up till ten at night. God honored our faith and prayer. One dear girl came and found pardon, and she was soon followed by five more girls crying, "What must I do to be saved." Bless God. They

all found peace and joy to their soul, making a total of six juniors in one night. The Lieutenant is in love with the children, and has arranged that children's meetings be conducted twice a week. God bless and help them in the daily prayer of our hearts. We are expecting another officer here soon. We are keeping up our faith for a good and big revival here this summer. The War Crys and Young Soldiers were all sold Sunday last. We are rising. Glory be to God. Our cry is, "Lord, send a revival again!"—Yours, Emily J. Oxford, Corps-Cadet.

LIPPINCOTT.

After a naturally slack period (owing to the concentration of effort at the camp) those who have

travely "stood by the stuff" were immensely cheered by the demonstration of God's power and presence in our Wednesday night open-air at the corner of Moor and Bathurst Sts. With the assistance of two or three "scratch" string instruments, the singing, as well as the testimonies and appeals, arrested a goodly crowd, who remained standing for an hour and a-half. Some were weeping visibly, and others evidently taken hold of by God's Spirit. At length the dear old Army drum was requisitioned for a penitent form, and first came a man, longing to be free from the curse of sin. After he had risen, claiming pardon, a sister, also a slave of drink, threw herself at Jesus' feet, and very definitely did the Lord touch and heal her. After this, however, some good work was done also by personal button-holing while the meeting went on. Comrades were filled with joy and thanksgiving, and everyone present congratulated him (or her) self on not having missed the privilege of attendance. The Corps-Cadet Brigade united with the senior corps on this occasion.

MUSGRAVETOWN.

Our congregations are small at this time of the year, owing to the fact that many of our people are gone to the Labrador and other places for the summer fishing. Nevertheless, the remaining soldiers (the majority being women) are determined to keep things going. The sewing class, which was organized a little while ago, is growing in numbers and interest, and we are expecting ere long to have a goodly number added to the same. I might say also that the spiritual side of things is bright and clear, and through Jesus' blood we are having victory. Last Sunday we enjoyed a very nice time with God. The influence of His Spirit and His pardoning love was felt in our meetings, and one wandering soul was set at liberty. We give Him the glory and go on in His name to victory.—Sticks.

NAPANEE.

Much special cheer came to Commissioner's Visit, our corps of late. First we had a flying visit from the Commissioner; although he was not in the best of health, gave a very interesting address, which was much appreciated by the people of Napanee. The Commissioner was assisted by Lieut. Colonel Pearson, our District Officer, and the brass band from Kingston, who stayed for the week-end. Considerable interest was manifested, and in spite of very warm weather, large crowds attended all the meetings, and everybody seemed delighted with the service. We all want the Commissioner to come again soon. Adj. Trenchard and the Kingston brass band, who are well known and highly esteemed at Napanee, will be warmly welcomed, too. During the meeting thirteen souls came out to the penitent form and rejoined over freedom from sin. One man especially, who had been a soldier some years ago, but had wandered away from the narrow way, returned and got a salvation that reached deep into his pocket as well as to his heart. Many others were deeply convicted.—F. E. Heater, Capt.

NEEPAWA.

The Blood-and-Fire Brigade of 18 Years, grade had an old-time revival in this town Dominion Day. Two surrendered, and on Sunday twelve more. Soldiers and Christians are rejoicing with the converts. One man had been a backslider for eighteen years. Many more are convicted. Faith high for others to seek Christ. Income five times the usual for the week-end.—Warrior.

NORTH BAY.

Great meetings all day last. A Welcome Visitor. Sunday, we had with us Mrs. Fletcher, from Burk's Falls, who was on his way to the Zoo. He spent the Sunday with us. He spoke on Day of Pentecost, and the people drank in every word. He was a great blessing to us. We are bound to give souls for God. We all say, Come again, brother.—From a soldier.

NORTH SYDNEY.

Ensign Bowring, who A Consecrated Family, has been with us during the last ten months, far-welcomed Sunday night. He gave some grand truths from the 11th chapter of Hebrews, where Abraham was to go out for an inheritance. There and then he started, not knowing whether he went. Both Ensign and Mrs. Bowring have nothing else before their minds but the salvation of souls and snatching sinners from the flames of hell. The Bowring family, composed in round numbers of thirteen, plays a very important part in this great salvation war. Lieut. Moore is with us. His main ambition is to get souls saved. Meetings good all day. One backslider came and sought pardon at night.—Treasurer.

MONTREAL IV.
"Voices from the Cemetery."

Splendid day Sunday. Four souls for the week. "Voices from Mount Royal Cemetery" brought a good crowd, although intensely hot. Soldiers all on fire for souls.



Treas. Drolet,
Point St. Charles,
Montreal.



Secretary Marshall,
Point St. Charles,
Montreal.

The singing of Candidate Wilkins and Corps-Cadet Rogers was listened to with rapt attention. Open-air crowd at night was very large. Sergt.-Major Rogers spoke with great power.—Sheard.

OTTAWA I.

An enthusiastic reception was accorded to our new officers, Adj. Mrs. and Willie Wakefield, on Thursday evening, June 29th. A large number of friends, and also No. 11. corps, with Ensign and Mrs. Rose, joined with us in extending a hearty welcome to the new D. O. of the Ottawa District. We had a grand open-air service and march, the colors of both corps to the front, and the band in their bright uniform. Such was the introduction of Adj. and Willie Wakefield to the Imperial City. Inside the S. A. Citadel a great welcome awaited them. Sergt.-Major Webber, Bandmaster Duncan, and Convert S.-M. Harbour briefly extended their greetings on behalf of No. 1. Staff-Capt. Ellery, Capt. Price, and others of the Rescue Staff also expressed their great pleasure in meeting them. Ensign and Mrs. Rose, for No. 11, warmly greeted them, not only as commanding officers of No. 1, but as their D. O. Ensign spoke of their warfar in days gone by, and assured us that the Adjutant is a thorough man of God. Capt. Oldford, in appropriate words, also welcomed their arrival to lift the burden of command from his shoulders. Corps-Cadet Willie Wakefield gave testimony to his present state of soul and determination to serve God. Mrs. Wakefield was not present, owing to illness and the fatigue of the long journey, which we much regretted, but came on Sunday evening. The Adjutant thanked all for their kind words of welcome, saying his real object in coming to Ottawa was the advancement of God's work, namely, sinners brought to the saving power of God, and to accomplish this he was with us heart and soul. Since taking charge Adj. Wakefield has seen three seekers at the cross, and enrolled one faithful recruit beneath the Yellow, Red, and Blue. Lieut. Bates has been, and Capt. Omond is now, visiting the corps. Under the leadership of our new officers we mean to push on the war, and do what we can by the grace of God to win many souls for the Master.—Sec. A. French.

REGINA.

Still at it. All kinds of deluge—even Five Souls. To being good Canadians and celebrating the 1st of July. We shall long remember the enjoyable day spent at our picnic, one of the attractive features being the band, which is progressing favorably under the leadership of Bandmaster Spiller. Last Sunday night five souls sought salvation.—E. Gamble, S.-M.

SAULT STE. MARIE.

We spent a good day yesterday in this corps. Had our first Sunday afternoon meeting in the park, which was enjoyed by a large crowd of people, who could not get into the barracks.

They tried, and who would not think of coming anyway. The service could be distinctly heard at the same time by the prisoners in the jail. Four souls were added at night. Two of the number being man and wife, who passed their two children over to the comrades while they got saved. Five comrades claimed the blessing in the soldiers' mess on Tuesday night. I cannot close without mentioning our outing on July 1st. A very pleasant day was spent by the comrades and friends at Shingwauk, where the Church of England have a beautiful Home, Church, Hospital, and School for orphan Indian children. The manager very kindly gave us the use of the large dining-room and any part of the grounds, as well as a donation for our work. Needless to say, the band gave them some of their sweetest music.—Kate W. Ritchie, Ensign.

SIMCOE.

We have received a hearty welcome One of Each. To Simcoe. God has blessed us since coming here. I am one junior and one senior have been converted. We are believing for more.—Yours in Him, W. J. Hancock, Ensign.

Final Rally at Dufferin Grove Camp Grounds.

THE COMMISSIONER IN COMMAND OF UNITED FORCES—CONVERTS TO THE FRONT—OLD FRIENDS AND NEW—WHOLESALE SURRENDER.

A thoroughly good representative audience from all the city corps greeted the Commissioner with enthusiasm as, accompanied by Mrs. Coombs and his Staff, he mounted the platform under canvas roof on Monday, for the final wind-up of the Dufferin Grove Camp Meeting.

Many of the converts were grouped behind the Cadets close up to the platform. Their hearts were full, witness the fact of their ready response when the Commissioner gave them ten minutes to vent their pent up praises in glad testimony.

The massed bands occupied a corresponding place on the off side of the tent, and the centre aisle was packed close with blood-and-fire veterans, whose familiar voices are well known in Toronto. Shouting Jimmy had all he could do to keep within bounds the hosannas that danced to his lips with spontaneous effusion from time to time.

The beautiful prayer song, new to many, rose again and again under the Commissioner's tuition with ever-increasing desire and force.

"Lord, keep my heart tender, yes, tender like Thine;

Lord, keep my heart tender; I resign
All I have that this may be;
Keep my heart tender, dear Jesus."

"There are sadly too few people," cried the Commissioner, "who can weep over souls. Oh, do not restrain your tears," he added as he urged us to deeper tenderness of soul for the lost.

A brief Bible reading on Eph. iv. 22 followed, setting forth the practical need to "put off the old man and his deeds," as well as put on the new, created in Christ Jesus unto good works.

Interspersing his remarks suddenly with an unexpected innovation, the Commissioner at this point called for Staff-Captain Manton's testimony.

It was no lame, halting, unready affair either. The Staff-Captain's experience is mellow and up-to-date. Although still weak from the effects of the somewhat severe physical spell through which he has recently passed, he assured us that he was still "living beneath the shade of the cross, and there was no grumble heard in his home, either!"

Ensign McIlheney was then introduced, and gave a manly testimony of no uncertain sound. Toronto is likely to hear more of this officer, and we predict for him a useful cam-

boyhood, twenty-four and a-half years ago. In his own words, he "drank religion in his bread and milk." He was thankful that God's plan in his life led him into the Salvation Army. He thought religion was something like riding a wheel—you either had to go on or fall off altogether. He was glad his spiritual life was ever advancing.

Great interest centred around Colonel Jacobs as he rose to address the meeting. Having been deputed to accomplish special work in the West, he had necessarily been deprived of the joy and pleasure of attending the series of Toronto camp meetings. He had just come, however, from the London camp, where God was doing a great work.

The Colonel recalled the precious outpourings of God's Spirit upon that spot some two years ago; then in a forceful manner he thrust home a weighty message to the half-hearted, urging a full salvation then and there.

The crisis of the meeting was reached, and in his own masterly way the Commissioner led the halting, unconsecrated, and backsliding to make the surrender then and there.

Slowly, steadily, and with calm deliberation, men and women rose all over the tent; some to offer themselves for active service in the war, if God permit; others to get right with Him, and some for sanctification.

It was indeed a glorious wind-up to a blessed series of meetings, marking a new epoch in the lives of over one hundred and forty souls.

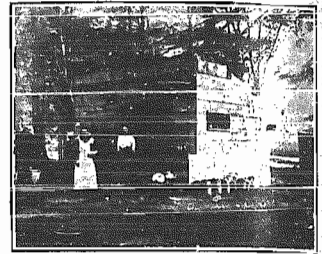
Women's Social Secretary Visits Winnipeg.

Great indeed was our pleasure in welcoming Mrs. Brigadier Southall, and although Winnipeg is an old battleground, this was her first visit since taking command of the Women's Social Work. The Home was crowded to its utmost capacity, consequently we could not make the visit as pleasant as we would wish, which we very much regret. Nevertheless, a very profitable time was spent.

The Thursday evening meeting, at the Citadel, was a decided success, but as it is reported elsewhere, I will not attempt that, only to say that it has brought for us some lasting good. But the Home meeting, around the tea-table, with the Home girls, words of mine fail to describe it, nor will its influence ever be forgotten. There were twenty girls, and the Home officers, seated around the tables, which were very tastefully arranged, and everyone enjoyed a bright and cosy half-hour; then the singing of a well-known hymn, "Thou Shepherd of Israel and mine." Mrs. Southall gave one of those beautiful, soul-stirring talks, and little did we realize what the effort must have cost her until she told us that in the same room, in almost the same spot, only a few short years back, she had knelt, together with the Home girls at that time, around the casket of her sainted mother, who was Matron of the Home, and who, after years of service in the S. A., had died at her post. Every heart was touched, and while kneeling around the table every hand was uplifted, expressing a desire to serve God and live for Him.—E. M. H.

Speaking at the negro conference held at Tuskegee Institute, recently, Mr. Booker Washington said the negro, since his emancipation, had acquired \$300,000,000 worth of property. He supports 28,000 churches, and owns 173,382 farms, distributed in twelve Southern States.

The Jews in Great Britain number about two hundred thousand, and have two hundred synagogues.



The Camp Kitchen.

Noise All the Time.

A Complaint and a Protest Against the Playing of Some Army Bands.

Many complaints levelled against Army bands that have come to my knowledge will not stand investigation. They are made by people who do not understand music, and such as are ignorant of the real facts about the formation, training, and general work of our bands. Even a few musical people have made a complaint or two, which have come from lack of sympathy rather than from a just estimate of their character and labors.

But when every allowance is made, there are some complaints which even the lovers and friends of Army bands must admit are well founded, and the one I want to deal with on this occasion is that which the title of this article suggests—over-blowing.

This evil is deserving of the severest condemnation whenever it occurs, for it is unquestionably a bad thing for the player, for the band as a whole, and for the listener. To the player it is a serious obstacle to the acquisition of a full, round, beautiful tone, and also to shading and variety of tone, as well as correct intonation.

Overblowing is destructive to a band's interest by damaging the ensemble, causing its tone to be uneven and bad in quality, as well as rendering its efforts similar to those of a wild horse that plunges here and there without response to bit or bridle. To the listener the evil habit of playing fortissimo all the time makes it a torture instead of a pleasure to be present when the band takes part in a meeting. It goes without saying that this bad way of playing means a great waste of energy on the part of the players, and is attended with physical risks such as correct playing never involves.

Bands that are guilty of this fault are not so numerous as they once were, thanks to the musical improvement effected in most corps. This is the result of a clearer knowledge of the conditions on which good playing depends, and also a more satisfactory grasp of the points which go to make up the perfect band. But even yet there are places where, instead of being a means of attracting people to the inside meetings, the bands, because of the din in the halls arising from the continuously loud playing, keep them away. Even in the streets the perpetual fortissimo is almost beyond endurance, but when twenty or thirty players blow with all their might in a hall in which from ten to fifteen brass instruments would be ample if well played, can it be wondered at that many people find the constant roar of coarse, vulgar tone produced by the over-blowing beyond even the tolerance of those who wish well to the Army and to the band themselves?

It is possible, of course, to get somewhat hardened after bearing with the noise for a number of years; but even in that case it is a calamity for a musical ear to lose its sensitiveness to such an extent that it can settle down undisturbed by the blatant sounds of a brass band ill-trained and badly managed in the matter of tone.

Let it be understood that it is not the brass instruments that are at fault when used for indoor meetings, for when properly handled



Refreshment Tent at Dufferin Camp.

paign in the leading corps of the Queen City. At the Commissioner's request Mrs. Colonel Jacobs rose and soloed very sweetly the salvation song, "Jesus is looking for thee," adding her few words of testimony.

Then we were introduced to an old-time Salvationist

From the Antipodes.

in the person of Major Winter. A striking personality, like Zacchaeus, short of stature, though nimble in action, this officer, when at home, sits at a Divisional Officer's desk in New Zealand, dates back his conversion to

music can be whispered through them that cannot but charm the ear and move the soul by the sweetness of the sound, and the gentle floating through the air of the phrases of which the music is formed. This kind of playing invites singing, and stimulates mind and heart to think of heavenly things. The fortissimo-all-the-time style, however, makes it a folly to sing, apart from the fact that such playing in itself has no power to create a desire to sing.

Neither is the fault under consideration to be charged to Army music, for no single setting of a tune will be found to support this evil of playing as loud as possible all the time. On the other hand, it must be said that the music, when rendered in such a style, is being most cruelly treated, and positively misrepresented to the public.

There is no doubt that Army bands, owing to so much playing on the streets, are apt to get into the habit of playing too loud, and of taking the outdoor style with them into the halls, instead of in most cases making a marked difference in tone and speed for indoor work. Bad training accounts for much of this evil, and lack of real musical discipline is partly the cause on the part of the bandmaster. It is not always a fact that, when a band accompanies, it understands its proper place is secondary to the singing. Who is at fault here? Has the bandmaster, first of all, been at any pains to inculcate the truth that the band is to aid and encourage singing; and, in the second place, has he done anything in the practice-room to get the playing of the standard tunes for singing into a state which will make it a real help in the meetings, and not a destructive force caused by reckless over-blowing?

The time has come when the musical efforts of the Army must no longer be spoiled by ignorance, indiscretion, reckless disregard of the conditions of correct and fitting playing in the meetings, and a useless waste of energy on the bandsmen's part. The assistance which the General and the Chief have given to Army music deserves every bandsman's gratitude. Surely it is a poor return to allow this senseless, hurtful, improper, unmusical over-blowing to injure the singing in Army meetings, and force people away with the just excuse for their absence that a band that plays all the time is intolerable, both to saint and sinner.

Let every bandmaster come to a right judgment: piano playing is one of the surest tests of a band's proper training, and of a bandmaster's sound work; fortissimo playing, of the style against which this protest is raised, is merely an inartistic display of lung power, and bands as incompetent the bandmaster who tolerates it.—R. S.

The Mikado, in his address to the peace plenipotentiaries, charged them to devote themselves with all their powers to the discharge of their mission, and to make every effort to secure the re-establishment of peace on a durable basis.

Salvation Army Colonization

By Colonel Thomas Holland.

As Presented to the National Irrigation Congress.

(Concluded.)

Furthermore, while it is true that if a man has prior experience in farming, his success is so much more earlier realized, we have proved that men, who were so ignorant of country life as to hardly know the difference between a plough and a harrow, have been amongst our most promising agriculturalists. Again, the statement so often made that our people would neither work nor pay has been absolutely disproved. The energy of most of them is everywhere apparent on their farms, and they have paid over to the Army every dollar that could be consistently squeezed from the money realized from the sale of their crops.

Future Still More Promising.

What the future has in store for this branch of social endeavor is difficult to say, and depends entirely upon the amount of money placed at our disposal. Certain it is, though, that the work should go on. What has been done in a comparatively small way should be easier of accomplishment in a larger one. We have proved beyond doubt the capacity of city men to make farmers, and with the many millions of fertile acres in Uncle Sam's thrice blessed domain now lying idle, each capable of contributing its quota of grain or vegetable or meat for the support of human life, what valid reason is there for not sending thither the thousands who clamor for a colony home, that they may prove the almost prophetic wisdom of the poet who long ago sang of the trans-Mississippi region—

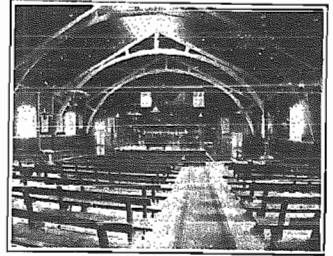
"When a man is a man if he's willing to toil,
And the poorest may gather the fruits of the soil?"

Not alone in the West, however, do conditions offer the essentials of success in this respect, but on the cheap lands of the South, on the deserted farms of the East, and, for that matter, all over this heaven-kissed country. Here, then, is an opportunity for the philanthropic to put their money, not where it will be consumed in affording temporary relief only, but where it will be invested in a plan that not only enables men to help themselves, but brings it back for re-investment.

Reverse the Cityward Tide.

Let it not be supposed that from what has been said about the conditions which resulted in the birth of the colony, the plan is of service only during the special periods of depression or want, or that if undertaken at all times it should be done merely as a safety-valve against such periods. The fact is that

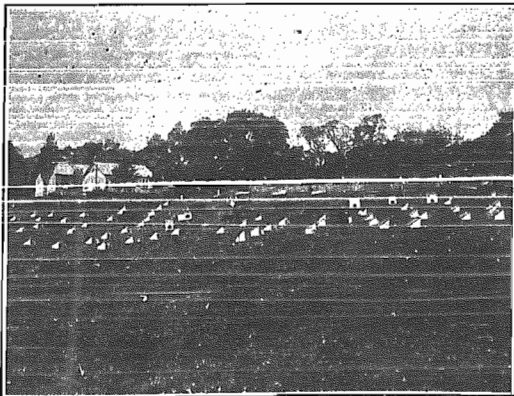
the general tendency of humanity is cityward, not only on the part of the farmer's boys and girls, but on the part of the majority of our emigrants, who are city-bred, and only come to our shores for the opportunities which our cities offer. As a consequence, there is in most parts, at all times, a large surplusage of labor. This condition has its bad moral and physical consequences, to say



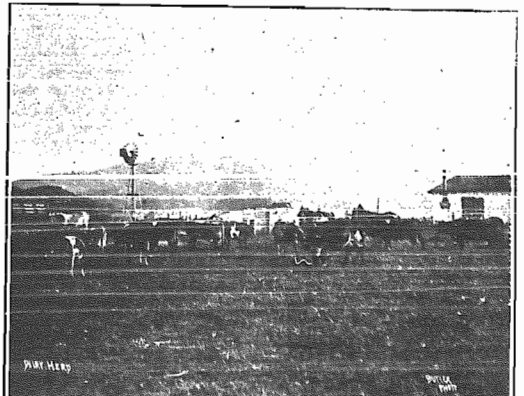
The Barracks at Fort Amity.

nothing of its spiritual effects on large numbers of people who find themselves crowded out of employment. Those who feel it first and most are the Americans themselves, because they have been used to a degree of domestic comfort which has been denied to the more frugal foreigner, whose labor is oftentimes sought in preference to that of the native son, since he can work on less because he can live on less. Let us strive, therefore, to reverse this cityward current, and not only keep Uncle Sam's children on the health-giving and character-making farm, but let us pilot there also the stranger within our gates, that he, too, instead of becoming a competitor for the work in our cities, may become an agriculturalist and swell the exports to foreign lands, of this great commissary of the world.

In conclusion, permit me to say that I was privileged to be the first manager at Amity. I went out with its original pioneers, and having grown up with the plan should know the weak spots in its armor. I watched those colonists struggle with the native sod, and build their homes and irrigating ditches. I saw them persevere with initial difficulties, because each man said, "This farm is going to be my own." Further, I give it as my serious and mature judgment that I can conceive of no higher or better form of philanthropic endeavor than this very colony scheme, one of the most remarkable of whose features is that it performs its task practically without cost, in as much as the keystone of the whole undertaking is work.



The Poultry Farm.



Part of the Dairy Stock.

ADJT. COOPER INTERVIEWED.

Burning Bush: "Good-night, Adjutant; so you are far-well from St. John's I hear."

Adj. Cooper: "Yes; far-well orders came rather suddenly, and quite unexpected; but, like obedient soldiers, we must pack our collar-box and away we go."

B. B.: "How long have you been in charge of the District?"

Adj.: "Only about eight months—a little short of the usual term, but such is the war."

B. B.: "Well, in general, how do you like St. John, and the comrades around Old No. 1?"

Adj.: "I like St. John O. K., and, of course, we are not supposed to tell people how good they are to their faces, but as I am leaving I cannot refrain from saying that the comrades of No. 1 are a loyal lot, and have stood by us in real earnest."

B. B.: "Have you had many converts during that time?"

Adj.: "I'm pleased to say that we have had about 120 converts, and that quite a goodly number have been made into fighting soldiers."

B. B.: "Did you find the finances all that was desired?"

Adj.: "Well, now, not all, but fairly good. We are leaving with nothing to complain about."

B. B.: "But since you have been here I see a brass band has sprung up. How many instruments have you?"

Adj.: "We have twelve, all told, and the best of it is, we have everything paid for, which is a great comfort to the bandsmen."

B. B.: "In the recent Self-Denial you secured a great victory, they say; how did you find the friends while around collecting?"

Adj.: "I repeat it again, the people of St. John are all right." They show their appreciation of the good work that the Salvation Army is doing in a really practical manner; in fact, it's hard to find a more generous-hearted lot of people. I haven't met them in my travels."

B. B.: "Then, barring a trifle of fog now and again, you have a good opinion of our city?"

Adj.: "I have, and shall always look back to my stay in St. John with pleasant recollections."

B. B.: "But just a minute more. You didn't tell me where your next appointment is."

Adj.: "I am going to New Glasgow Corps and District, and by the help of God will make it as hot as possible for the devil."

B. B.: "A word or two more and I am finished. Who is coming in your place?"

Adj.: "Ensign and Mrs. Piercy, from Charlotte-town, P.E.I., and if you treat them as good as you've treated me, they'll have no cause to sorrow."

B. B.: "Oh, please leave that with us. Good-bye, and God go with you."

ST. THOMAS. We have just had another A Record Week-End, record week-end, conducted by Staff-Capt. Evans and a few

sisters from Windsor. The presence of God was manifest in our midst, live souls seeking salvation during the day. The visit from our comrades was thus made a blessing to all. We note with interest the progress of our comrades in London are making in the musical line under the Provincial Bandmaster. Let me add that within the next month St. Thomas hopes to purchase six A class instruments, just over \$300 worth to start, and we anticipate in the near future completing the band with a new set, which will mean another \$1,200. How is this for the Railroad City? We have just received our band notices, which look splendid and give entire satisfaction.—Yours for victory, Strain, War Correspondent.

WILLINGATE. It is quite a long time since you heard from this place, but we are all right, praise the Lord. We are having very good meetings all the time. Last Sunday night we had the joy of seeing four souls kneel at the cross and rejoice in knowing their sins forgiven. The officers have been away to council, but came back refreshed.—A. M. Ansley.

WINCHESTER, Ont. We had the S. A. Visit to the Methodist Church. Officers, Lieut. Fulford and Cadet

Wales, of Kemptville, with us for a meeting in the Methodist Church. Rev. Mr. Shea took an active part. The meeting was both spiritual and interesting. Come again.—M. M. W.

WINDSOR, N.S. On Saturday, the 1st of Victorious Week-End, July, Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Sharp arrived with the string

band to conduct some special soul-saving meetings. The Troupe is composed of Ensigns Martin, Capts. Urquhart and Ritchie, who, by the way, are favorites here, each having been stationed in Windsor in days gone by, also Capt. Riley and Ogilvie, Lieuts. Selig and Emery. There were other attractions in town, but we had good crowds at open-air and inside meetings. The string band was excellent. Everyone was delighted with both singing and music. The meetings on Sunday, from 7 a.m. until the close of the day, were full of power and blessing when the presence of God was very near. Capt. Urquhart's violin solo was much enjoyed, also duet by Ensign Martin and Lieut. Selig; in fact, everything was a A. Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Sharp spoke in the different meetings, and read the Word with power. We believe the blessing of God backed the truths

home to the hearts of sinners. Three precious souls sought and found the Saviour as a sin-pardoning friend. Income for week-end over \$44. Colonel has promised us another visit from the troupe. We will welcome them here later.—J. S. S.-M. Irons.

STAFF-CAPT. PERRY, AS I KNEW HIM.

By Arthur Sheard, Ensign.

Five months ago, while stationed in the Pacific Coast Province, I received marching orders, which read as follows: "Proceed to East Ontario Province, and assist Staff-Capt. Perry in soul-saving work." Obeying, I eventually found myself in the officers' quarters in Gananoque. The meeting in the barracks was not yet finished, and for a few minutes I trembled, wondering who and what kind of a person he was in came the man who I was to have the pleasure of fighting side by side with, as I thought, for a year at least.

The Staff-Captain made right for where I was seated and gave me a loving and most hearty handshake, which banished every fear, and at once I received the impression that before me stood a true man of God.

He captured me by his very humble, yet most noble, spirit. His eyes seemed to look right through me; his "God bless you, Sheard" still rings in my ears. We talked till midnight.

During my five months' close companionship, right up to the very hour of his death, I found I was working with a loyal Salvationist. True to the very core, was Staff-Captain Perry. There was no half-masting the colors, no reservations, no other axes to grind, he knew of no side issues. The Salvation Army was first and last with him. If he had money he had talents, they should all be used in the one great Salvation Army to win precious souls. He loved his leaders; theirs he felt it to be to command, and his to listen and to obey.

I also found the Staff-Captain to be very tender-hearted. He would not allow anybody to suffer. His comrade-officer, whoever that may be, if he found that through the war, or in any sense whatever, they were suffering, he felt he must do all in his power to alleviate and cheer.

And I also found him to be a man of much prayer. Nothing, I know, he felt was too small to pray about, and, oh, how many times have I found him the very first at the barracks, on his face before his God, imploring His presence in his meetings. How often have I gently opened the door, and for fear I would disturb him I would gently creep up to his dear side, and by his prayers let him bless me. When he got through he would say, "Sheard, I did not know you were there, but I felt that to be in his presence at such times was a rare treat to me. He truly was a man of God; but since he has gone, and I have had to go to a corps command, his very memory brings tears to my eyes. I have lost a true friend and a precious comrade-officer. The five-months' sojourn with him will ever be blessed to me. The sweet fragrance of his holy life will ever remain. I have been truer, and shall be, for knowing him."

TO THE MEMORY

Of the Late Staff-Capt. Perry, who was Drowned while Bathing, May 25th, 1905.

The summons came, he had to go,
No time for last farewells was given;
The reason why, we cannot see,
But it shall be revealed in heaven.

He was not taken unprepared
To meet a God he had not lov'd;
He lived a life of godly fear,
Redeemed through Jesus' precious blood.

We'll miss him, ah, we'll miss him so,
His cheering smile and pleasant way;
To old and young, alike to all,
A kindly word he had to say.

A little while, and we shall know
The mysterious workings of our God,
Although our eyes are hidden now,
Nor can we pierce the great beyond.

Oh, let us live to meet him where
Earth's shadows ne'er shall cross our path,
Where all is peaceful, bright, and fair,
And we shall rest in Him at last.

Mabel Miles Fraser, Nottawa.

COLOR-SERGEANT'S SON AT HERRING NECK PROMOTED TO GLORY.

We have just laid to rest one of our dear comrades, Willis Simmons, the much-loved son of our Color-Sergeant. Sickened with grief of him whilst away from home, he was forced to return. It was whilst visiting him there, and realizing his danger, that he sought salvation and came into the realization that his sins were forgiven. His dying testimony was: "I am not afraid; I am willing to go." Our hearts go out in love and sympathy for the bereaved. We gave him an Army funeral. God came very near and many hearts were touched.—Lieut. M. E. Bagge.

ONE FROM THE FIGHTING RANKS CALLED HOME.

Scilly Cove, Trinity Bay.—Once again, the angel of Death has passed this way, and has taken from our ranks a soldier who has been fighting for a number of years under the good old flag. Mrs. Piercy was called to receive her crown after a short illness. Her last testimony was bright and definite, and gave every evidence that she had lost the fear of death. She leaves a husband and two children, besides others, to mourn their loss, and while we miss her from our ranks and her voice from our meetings, yet we rejoice to know that she has a glorious welcome home and is joining the song with the blood-washed in the realms of the blest, "where there shall be no more night, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

We tender our deepest sympathies to the bereaved ones, and also to Mrs. Ensign Danks, who did not have the opportunity of seeing her sister in her last moments.

We shall sleep, but not for ever;

There will be a glorious dawn;

We shall meet to part no more;

On the Resurrection Morn.

—Lieut. A. Hubley.

THE DEATH VISITOR.

Dorwoodville, Nfld.—Once again the death angel has come to our corps and claimed our S. A. friend, Mrs. Frederick Waterman, who we believe is enjoying the beauties of heaven. She was only three weeks confined to her bed. We were believing that she would soon be able to get out again; but God's will must be done. She told her dear friends and husband to meet her in heaven, where there was no more parting. Almost her last words were: "I am going home to die no more." We gave her an S. A. funeral. The service was very touching. At the night meeting two souls claimed salvation—Myra Burt, Capt.



Selection of Spectacles.

In selecting spectacles for short-sightedness or far-sightedness, it is always advisable to secure the advice of an eye surgeon, if this be practicable, for there are certain principles involved which can be understood and acted upon only after a thorough acquaintance with the anatomy and the functions of the eye. In fact, the adaptation of spectacles is one of the most delicate and trying duties of the surgeon.

Without entering into details, which would be unintelligible to one who is not thoroughly versed in the structure and functions of the eye, certain hints may be given which have evident and practical value.

The most important point to remember is that the spectacles should be so fitted that the eyes look through the centre of the respective glasses. It is, therefore, necessary to have the frames made differently, according as the spectacles are designed for viewing distant and near objects. For it is evident upon slight consideration, and can readily be seen by observing the eyes of another individual, that when a person looks at a distant object the axes of the eyes are parallel; while, when he looks at an object held close to the face, the axes of the eyes are no longer parallel, but at directed so as to meet at the object which is under examination. It is evident from this that the glasses which are intended for assisting the eyes in viewing distant objects should be somewhat further apart than the glasses which are intended for viewing near objects. One of the commonest mistakes which is made by patients in buying their own spectacles is the neglect to observe that the glasses are situated as already indicated. In some cases, it is true, one can correct this error by bending the frames of the spectacles so as to bring the glasses a little nearer together, or further apart, as occasion requires, yet it is a much better plan to procure in the first place only such spectacles as are adapted to the breadth between the eyes, and let it be remembered that when we speak of the centre of the lens we mean the thickest part of the glass, and not the centre of the frame which holds the lens. Every eye surgeon constantly meets cases in which patients complain of discomfort in wearing spectacles, sometimes so great as to compel them to abandon the glasses, and yet examination shows that the fault is not in the strength of the lenses, but merely in the midst of the frame. The best way for ascertaining whether the frame is properly adapted to the individual is, of course, by wearing the glasses for a few hours. As it cannot always be done before purchasing, the buyer should, before selecting a pair of spectacles, place them in a position upon the nose and look at himself in a mirror. If the spectacles are intended for a distant vision the pupils of the eyes should be seen opposite the centre of the lenses; if the glasses are meant for reading the pupils should be situated a little outside of the centre of the lenses.

SONGS OF THE WEEK

AT THE CROSS!

Tune.—N.B.B. 208.

HOLINESS.

Tune.—N.B.B. 163.

1 Blessed Lord, in Thee is refuge,
Safety for my trembling soul,
Power to lift my head when drooping,
'Midst the angry billow's roll;
I will trust Thee,
All my life Thou shalt control.

In the past too unbelieving
'Midst the tempest I have been,
And my heart has slowly trusted
What my eyes have never seen;
Blessed Jesus,
Teach me on Thy arm to lean.

Oh, for trust that brings the triumph
When defeat seems strangely near,
Oh, for faith that changes fighting
Into victory's ringing cheer;
Faith triumphant!
Knowing not defeat or fear.

THE LION OF JUDAH.

Tune.—N.B.B. 190.

2 Come, sinners, to Jesus;
No longer delay;
A free, full salvation
Is offered to-day.
Arise, all ye bond-slaves,
Awake from your dream!
Believe, and the light and
The glory shall stream.

Chorus.

For the Lion of Judah shall break every chain
And give us the victory again and again.

The world will oppose you,
And Satan will rage;
To hinder your coming
They both will engage;
But Jesus, your Saviour,
Has conquered for you,
And He will assist you
To conquer them too.

Though rough be the fighting,
And troubles arise,
There are many ones of glory
Prepared in the skies;
A crown and a kingdom
You shortly shall view—
The laurels of victory
Are waiting for you.

BOUNDLESS SALVATION!

3

O boundless salvation!
Deep ocean of love,
O fullness of mercy
Christ brought from above!
The whole world redeeming,
So rich and so free,
Now flowing for all men—
Come, roll over me!

The heavenly gales are blowing
The crystal stream is flowing,
Beneath its waves I'm going,
Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!

My sins they are many,
Their stains are so deep,
And bitter the tears
Of remorse that I weep;
But useless is weeping,
Thou great crimson sea,
Thy waters can cleanse me,
Come, roll over me!

O ocean of mercy,
Oft longing I've stood
On the brink of thy wonderful,
Life giving flood!
Once more I have reached
This soul-cleansing sea,
I will not go back
Till it rolls over me.

4 I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend His cause,
Maintain the honor of His Word,
The glory of His cross.

Chorus.

At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light,
And the burden of my heart rolled away;
It was there by faith I received my sight,
And now I am happy all the day.

Jesus, my God! I know His name—
His name is all my trust;
Nor will He put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

Firm as His throne His promise stands,
And He can well secure
What I've committed to His hands,
Till the decisive hour.

Then will He own my worthless name
Before His Father's face;
And in the New Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

ROLL ON, DARK STREAM.

Tune.—N.B.B. 16.

5 'Twill not be long, our journey here;
Each broken sigh and falling tear
Will soon be gone, and all will be
A cloudless sky, a waveless sea.

Chorus.

Roll on, . . . dark stream! . . .
We dread not thy foam;
The pilgrim is longing for home, sweet home!

'Twill not be long! The yearning heart
May feel its every hope depart,
And grief be mingled with its song;
We'll meet again, 'twill not be long!

Though sad we mark the closing eye
Of those we loved in days gone by,
Yet sweet in death their latest song:
'We'll meet again, 'twill not be long!

These conquered wilds, with thorns o'erspread;
Through which our way so oft is led—
This march of time, if faith be strong,
Will end in bliss—'twill not be long!

THE BRIGHT, SHINING WAY.

"The light shall shine upon thy ways."—Job xxii. 28.

Tune.—No. Never Alone.

6 I'm traveling to heaven, so high and so far,
Where beckoning angels the gates hold ajar,
And as I press onward and upward each day
There still lies before me a bright, shining way.

Chorus.

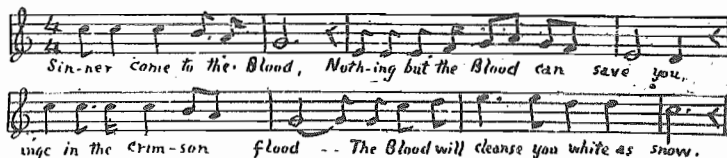
Oh, beautiful, bright, shining way!
Oh, beautiful, bright, shining way!
'Tis glory to walk with my Saviour
On the bright, shining way.

The world has its pleasure, its riches, and toys,
But I am made happy with heavenly joys;
They try to allure me, but I would not stray
From walking with Jesus on the bright, shining way.

Temptations assail me I could not withstand
Were I not upheld by my Saviour's right hand;
But Satan can't touch me while ever I pray
And still keep advancing on the bright, shining way.

Somewhere before me there rolls the death stream,
The portals of glory reflect in its gleam;
How glad will I place my feet in its spray,
For through it I know leads the bright, shining way.
H. Kruger, Edmonton.

A CHORUS FROM THE STATES.



Ensign Bloss' has just completed another quarter's collection, and is grateful to all comrades for their kindly encouragement. The interesting list of returns reads thus:

Owen Sound, \$32.42; Hamilton I., \$15.70; Sturgeon Falls, \$13; Orillia, \$11.12; Midland, \$6.81; St. Catharines, \$7.05; Soo, Ont., \$5.94; Orangeville, \$4.00; Sudbury, \$3.42; North Bay, \$3.49; Uxbridge, \$3.25; Chawath, \$2.73; Soo, Mich., \$2.59; Fenelon Falls, \$2; Bracebridge, \$1.59; Bowmanville, \$1.73; Barrie, \$1.00; Parry Sound, \$1.43; Lindsay, \$1.42; Faversham, \$1.23; Oshawa, \$1.13; Markham, \$1.00; Gore Bay, \$1; Burns Falls, \$2; Gravenhurst, \$5c; Huntsville, \$5c; Brampton, \$4c; Toronto, \$50.

We should like to hear of challenges in this direction. Now then for some holy zeal.

COMING EVENTS.

BRIGADIER AND MRS. SOUTHAILL

Will visit Kingston, Sun. and Mon., July 30, 31; Ottawa, Thurs., Aug. 2; Montreal I, Fri., Sat., and Sun., Aug. 4, 5, 6.

STAFF-CAPT. McLEAN

Will conduct Revival Meetings at Dovercourt, July 27 to Aug. 7 (inclusive); St. Catharines, Aug. 9 to 14 (inclusive).

T. F. S. APPOINTMENTS.

Ensign Edwards.—Cloyne, July 27, 28; Tweed, July 29, 30, 31; Peterboro, Aug. 1, 2; Millbrook, Aug. 3; Manvers, Aug. 4, 5.

Ensign Poole.—Strathroy, July 28, 29, 30; London, July 31; Stratford, Aug. 1, 2; Saeferia, Aug. 3, 4; Clinton, Aug. 5, 6; Goderich, Aug. 7, 8; Wingham, Aug. 9, 10; Listowel, Aug. 11, 12, 13; Palmerston, Aug. 14, 15; Guelph, Aug. 16, 17; Hespeler, Aug. 18; Galt, Aug. 19, 20, 21; Paris, Aug. 22; Brantford, Aug. 23, 24; Tillsonburg, Aug. 25; Simcoe, Aug. 26, 27; Norwich, Aug. 28, 29; Woodstock, Aug. 30, 31; Ingersoll, Sept. 1, 2, 3; London, Sept. 4.

Ensign Bloss.—New Liskeard, July 29, 30, 31; North Bay, Aug. 2, 3; Sturgeon Falls, Aug. 4; Sudbury, Aug. 5, 6, 7, 8; Wellwood, Aug. 9; Soo, Ont., Aug. 10, 11; Soo, Mich., Aug. 12, 13, 14; Gore Bay, Aug. 15, 16, 17; Parry Sound, Aug. 19, 20, 21; Midland, Sept. 2, 3, 4; Orillia, Sept. 5; Barrie, Sept. 6; Newmarket, Sept. 7; Aurora, Sept. 8; Hamilton II, Sept. 9, 10; Hamilton I, Sept. 11; Dundas, Sept. 12; St. Catharines, Sept. 13; Niagara Falls, Sept. 14; Uxbridge, Sept. 15, 16, 17; Lindsay, Sept. 19; Kilmour, Sept. 20; Norland, Sept. 21; Hallsburg, Sept. 22; Fenelon Falls, Sept. 23, 24, 25; Oshawa, Sept. 26; Bowmanville, Sept. 28; Oshawa, Sept. 29; Yorkville, Sept. 30, Oct. 1, 2; Riverdale, Oct. 3; Parliament, Oct. 4; Temple, Oct. 5; Lippincott, Oct. 6; Riverdale, Oct. 7, 8; Lisgar, Oct. 9; Dovercourt, Oct. 10.

Ensign Campbell.—Kentville, July 25; Windsor, July 29, 30; Truro, July 31; Sydney Mines III, Aug. 2, 3; North Sydney, Aug. 4; Sydney, Aug. 5, 6; Louisbourg, Aug. 7; Glace Bay, Aug. 8; New Aberdeen, Aug. 9; Dominion, Aug. 10; Reserve, Aug. 11; Whitney Pier, Aug. 12, 13; Inverness, Aug. 15; Port Hood, Aug. 16; New Glasgow, Aug. 17; Stellarton, Aug. 18; Westville, Aug. 19, 20; Charlottetown, Aug. 22; Summerside, Aug. 23; Moncton, Aug. 24; London-derry, Aug. 26, 27; Parrsboro, Aug. 28; Springhill, Aug. 29; Amherst, Aug. 30; Sackville, Aug. 31; Hillsboro, Sept. 2; Sussex, Sept. 3, 4; Campbellton, Sept. 6; Newcastle, Sept. 7; Chatham, Sept. 8.

STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS OF THE GREAT CONGRESS.

Many officers and others would like to obtain the stereoscopic views of the great International Congress, which have been reproduced in the War Cry during the last year or so. Arrangements have been made to supply a set of fifty of these fine photographic views for \$5, post paid to any address in Canada. Apply to the Trade Office, S. A. Citadel, Winnipeg, Man.

FOR SALE.

A splendid Jeffries Concertina, especially made for a prominent S. A. Commissioner. Cost \$25. In good condition. Beautiful rich tone—like an organ. Write Trade Secretary, Albert Street, Toronto.

SERVANTS' REGISTRY.

Girls coming to the city for service should write first to Brigadier Stewart, or come direct to her office at the Temple, cor. James and Albert Sts., to register. We are in a position to find the best situations, as well as to take a kindly interest in girls whose home is outside the city, ready to assist them in all possible ways.